



No. 416.—VOL. XXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN, WHO REALLY DOES REJOICE (AND CHARM THE PUBLIC) IN

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS," AT THE AVENUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Paris—How the Parisians Deal with Snow—The Demolition of the Exhibition—The Talk of the Boulevards.

LAST week I fled from London and its fogs to Paris, a city which I found steeped in sunshine, and with an atmosphere so clear that the new great church on the Montmartre heights seemed almost to hang over the lower town. This was during the days of the hard frost. The succeeding days, the period of fog and snow and slush in London, were infinitely more bearable in Paris. The wood-fires in which every French housewife delights do not throw off the heavy smoke of our coal ones, and what is a brown-green fog in London is a light, pearly mist across the Channel. I do not think that I ever saw the Arc de Triomphe tower up so splendidly as it did last week, seen from the road to the lake in the Bois, the outlines of its mass faintly blurred by the opal-tinted vapour, and, as a foreground, the white snow and the grey-and-black stems of the trees.

The Paris Municipality has been so soundly abused in other years for its supineness in getting rid of the snow in the streets that this year it had all its preparations made and waited anxiously for the first downfall. No sooner had the snow ceased to fall than salt was strewn over all the principal roads, and an army of five thousand sweepers, men and women, set to work to clear away the slush. The women, stout, broad-shouldered souls, well wrapped up, with woollen shawls over their heads and sabots on their feet, seemed to me to do twice as much work as the men. One result of the generous sprinkling of salt which all the roads were treated to was that nearly all the electric-cars in the city stopped running. The salt was washed down into the grooves between the lines whence the cars draw their motive-power, and, being an excellent conductor, drew off the electricity.

Paris just now is a city which, after a six months' debauch, half-a-year of exorbitant prices, crowded hotels, insolent cabmen, and all the other disagreeables that an Exhibition brings, is sitting clothed and in her right mind, and hoping that her temporary lapse of manners and breach of customs will not have alienated all her old friends. The hotel-keepers all groan when the Exhibition is mentioned—according to them, there was no profit to be obtained even at doubled prices—the restaurant-managers all have overhauled their lists of prices and are once again catering for the Parisians and those Uitlanders who know their Paris and do not look on it simply as a place to waste money in. Such restaurants as the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais, which did not raise their prices last year, and, in the splendid isolation, the calm, that pervade the sanctuaries of the true *gourmet*, affected to be in ignorance that such a disturbing cause as an Exhibition existed, are now reaping the reward of their comparative moderation.

The Exhibition buildings are disappearing very gradually indeed, and I should fancy that the two great squares will scarcely be clear before the Grand Prix is run. The mould is being dug out of the flower-beds which were made on each side of the Seine, there are advertisements on all the great empty buildings that bricks, palings, windows, and doors are to be disposed of, there is broken glass everywhere, and the deserted roads are scattered with litter. The great entrance, with the Parisienne on its summit, is partially unroofed, and the bas-reliefs have been picked out of it; here and there little summer-houses stand ticketed for sale amid the wastes that were once gardens, and the announcements of music-hall performances are still posted on derelict booths. The Street of the Nations has begun to vanish. It may be prophetic that Turkey, has vanished from the European Concert on the banks of the—Seine before any other nation, its pavilion being now almost at the ground-level. America has been despoiled of its eagle, and the statue of Washington has vanished. Hungary has already lost its porch. The English Elizabethan mansion still stands, to all appearance, untouched.

The greater of the two Palaces of Art is being touched up by artists and sculptors, and some details which in the hurry of the preparation for the Exhibition were omitted are now being supplied. The artists in Paris are grumbling at the small amount of wall-room there is to be found in the new building, there being less than in the old Salon. When the lath-and-plaster buildings of the Exhibition are cleared away, and the gardens are made, the great glass roofs that there will be in this portion of Paris will be a noticeable feature when seen from any height. The greater of the two palaces shows a vast spread of glass, and to balance it on the other side of the river is the new Gare d'Orléans, which looks like some huge greenhouse.

Anglophobia on the boulevards has subsided, though it has not died out. The little comic papers with coloured prints on their front pages are flinging mud now at Lord Roberts, in the place of Mr. Chamberlain, but they do not carry any weight. For a change, the Parisians are not shouting "Conspuez" anyone. The boulevardiers care nothing about China, and apparently do not know that France has an army there. General André sitting with the knees of his long legs up to his chin in the interior of a submarine-boat, the production of "Le Bon Juge" and "Le Coup de Fouet," two screamingly funny plays, and a squabble between two associations of automobilists, are the only things Paris talks about. One body of chauffeurs has asked the Government to stop motor-racing on the roads, and the other Club, which is a racing one, has forbidden the protestants to take part in any races held under their rules.

FAIRYLAND AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

MANY notable and brilliant gatherings take place every year at the Mansion House, but few can compare even in actual brilliancy with the Children's Fancy-Dress Ball to which so many little people look forward all through each drear November and December.

Last Thursday's function was even more delightful than ever, and

THE GENIAL KING OF LONDON

and his pretty daughters looked as if they also thoroughly enjoyed the charming spectacle evolved by the waving of their magic wands!

Punctually at seven o'clock, the Lady Mayoress's small guests—age-limit six to fourteen—began to stream into the saloon, each and all beginning their delightful evening by making obeisance to

THE HOST AND HOSTESS,

an excellent idea being that of announcing, in addition to each Lilliputian visitor's name, that of the character he or she was supposed to represent. The ordeal was, on the whole, enjoyed by the children, who must have thought themselves for once in real Fairyland, for round the splendidly arrayed Lord Mayor were grouped the officers of the Corporation, while guiding the steps of the more shy and timid of the City's little visitors were the officers of the London Rifle Brigade, and various Deputy-Lieutenants, whose brave scarlet formed a striking contrast to their comrades' more simple green.

In a fancy-dress ball "the costume's the thing," and

THE FIRST JUVENILE BALL

of the New Century will long live in the memory of those who were present as having been, from the fancy-dress point of view, exceptionally original and picturesque. Last year, khaki was the only wear, but not so now that the South African Campaign is (as we all devoutly trust) nearly over—in fact, the only "lad in khaki" was Master Joseph Messenger, who made as

SMART A LITTLE "BOBS"

as is the great Commander himself. On the other hand, there were miniature "C.I.V.'s" and Yeomen in plenty, and the gallant "Handy Man" was pleasantly called to mind by Master David Bibby and the two brothers Neville and Philip Hearson, while Master Sandford Longman made a dashing "Death or Glory Boy."

SOME OF THE PRETTIEST COSTUMES

recalled the heroes of another age; such were Master Harry Wolf as "Nelson," and a diminutive "Wellington" quite overshadowed as to size by several of the great Napoleon's Generals! Miss Gladys Faulkner's charming counterfeit presentment of "Australian Federation" must have given special pleasure to the distinguished Colonial visitors who happened to be present. To Master Godfrey Keen falls the honour of having worn perhaps the most successful costume present. His first appearance

AS A FRENCH POODLE

simply evoked a Homeric shout of laughter, in which the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress heartily joined.

The pretty little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude looked a miniature Winifred Emery; Miss Nancy Weedon Grossmith made the sweetest of tiny early Victorian girls; Miss Clement Parsons, a particularly dainty Shaksperian heroine; Master Reginald Boyle, a delightful "Sir Roger de Coverley"; Masters George and Albert Evans, a mediæval page and "Earl of Leicester."

DANCING,

of course, took place in the Egyptian Hall, but there were several very popular and successful "side-shows," including a truly delightful "Punch and Judy," while a pathetic interest attached to the original entertainment furnished by the children of the Bermondsey Settlement Guild of Play, who, clad in Old English dress, played old-world singing-games to the simple, melodious ditties loved of our British forbears.

Among the distinguished "grown-ups" present were Aldermen Sir Henry Knight, Sir Reginald Hanson, Sir Joseph Savory, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Sir David Evans, Sir Joseph Renals, Sir James Ritchie, the Town Clerk, Sir John Monekton, Colonel Milman, Mr. Lawrence Gomme, the Clerk of the London County Council, also represented, by the way, by the Chairman, Mr. W. H. Dickinson; Mr. Beauclerk, British Minister in Peru; Commander and Mrs. Wells; among artists, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Swan; while

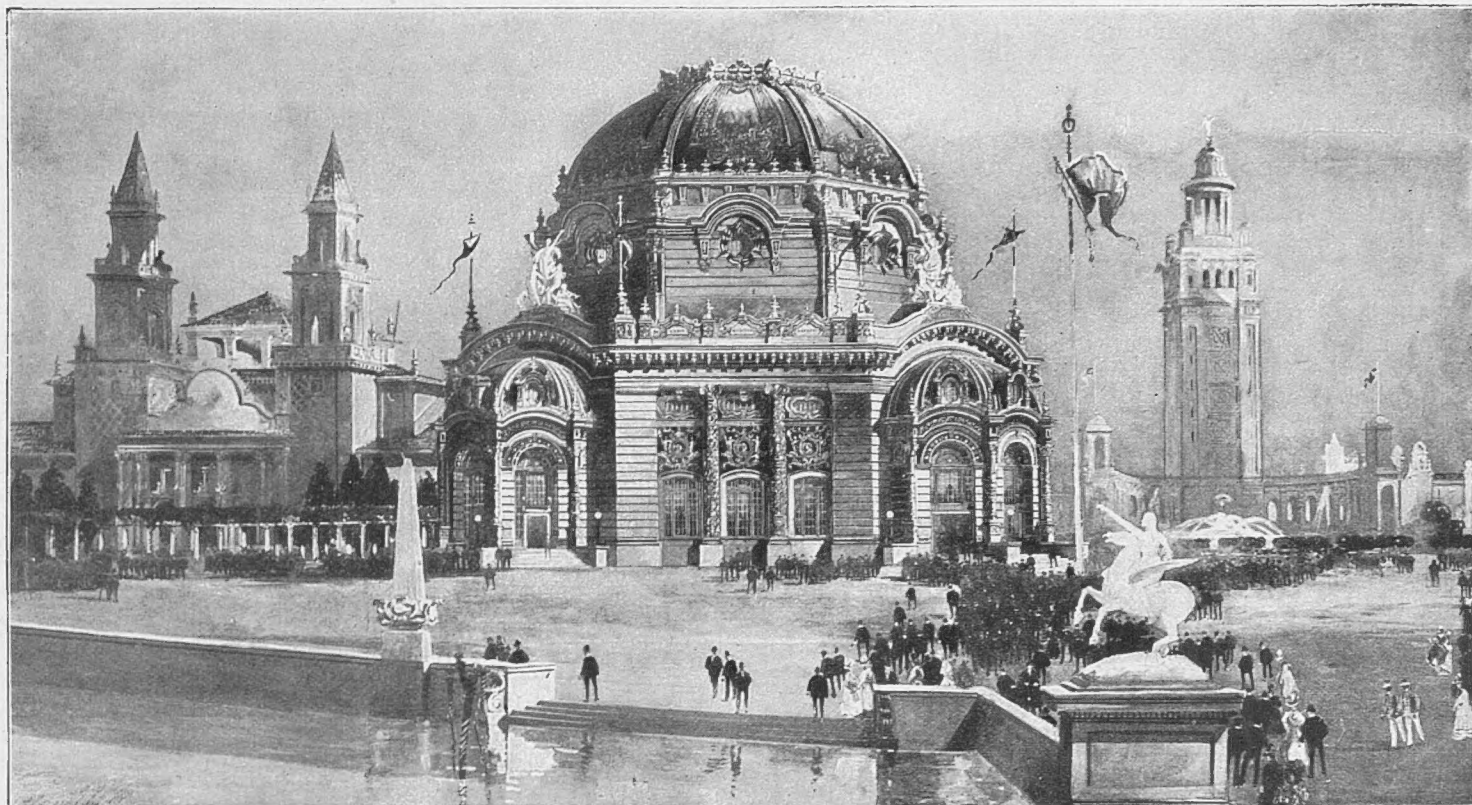
THE THEATRICAL WORLD

was represented both by parents and children, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, all taking a parental interest in the pretty scene, while Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicholls and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks were enjoying the fun as gaily as any of the smaller folk present.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is fixed in a special mount ready for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

FORTHCOMING BUFFALO EXHIBITION, U.S.A.



SHOWING HOW BUFFALO IS REPRODUCING THE ARCHITECTURAL MAGNIFICENCE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



ENTRANCE TO THE STREETS OF MEXICO.

(See Page 504.)

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Frost, Snow, and Slush—The Authorities as Mud-Scrapers—A Prophetic Chart—Electricity on the Underground—Studies in Vibration—The South African Silence—The Dead of St. Clement Danes.

AT last we have had our little spell of wintry weather, just to show us that the Clerk of the Weather has not forgotten us. It was pretty cold, too, while it lasted, and the snow helped to make the streets filthier than usual. But I must compliment the authorities, who look after the streets which I chiefly frequent, on having cleared the mess away quicker than their predecessors did. Unless there is any sharp frost, the snow in Central London saves a lot of trouble by melting at once, so that there is, or should be, no difficulty in lading it up and carting it away. As a rule, however, the authorities, having had the best part of a year to forget that there is such a thing as snow, are completely taken by surprise, and are painfully astonished at the thoughtlessness of "The Man in the Street" who ventures to grumble at their Worships.

This year, however, the stuff was scooped up pretty smartly, with the result that I was absolutely recognisable as a human being, instead of being taken for an escaped plaster image, after walking half-a-mile in the streets. Why I want to congratulate the authorities is because I voted for them, or, at least, for my lot, a month or two ago. I don't know who they are, and care less, and I have no idea what their functions are, beyond that I expect them to keep the streets clean and fairly lighted; but, as I was informed that my men had been elected, I feel a faint sort of proprietary interest in them, especially since I have had only one dab of mud the size of a half-crown in my eye instead of the usual half-dozen. But I am writing before the winter is over, and the mud may get the better of us yet.

The other day, I was given an imposing-looking chart, compiled by a scientific gentleman of some sort, which professes to foretell the weather for the coming year. But the funny part of it is that the chart actually did foretell the day or two's frost and the rapid thaw which followed. It is true that the prophecy was a day out at both ends; but, after all, that is near enough for a prophet. The worst of it is that these things sometimes come right when you don't expect it, and then, if you decide to trust to them, let you in most horribly when you want to go for a holiday. However, I shall keep my eye on this chart, for the weather is more important to "The Man in the Street" than most things.

After many years of talk, it really seems to be coming at last. By "it," I mean electricity on the Underground. We used to hear about engines being tried in the dead of night ten years ago, but nothing ever came of it, if we except an electric-train which, I am told, has been running between Earl's Court and Kensington High Street for some months past. I have not yet found time to go so far into the Wild West to find out what it is like, but I am glad to see that the shareholders at a meeting the other day decided to introduce electricity into the Underground system. The good old Underground has served "The Man in the Street" well enough in days gone by, but, in this age of electrical tubes, the stifling and choking of the tunnels can no longer be endured.

By the way, there is one thing I want to know, and that is, why the Underground hardly shakes the houses it passes beneath, while the "Twopenny Tube," which is three times as far below the surface, joggles people out of their chairs as it passes under them. It seems contrary to common sense, but there it is. I hope that the Commission which has been appointed to inquire into the antics of the "Twopenny" will find out and let us know the reason.

It seems to me that the most satisfactory part of the situation in South Africa at present is the silence of Lord Kitchener as to what is going on in the central part of the scene of warfare. We hear a good deal of the fighting round Pretoria and of the raid into Cape Colony, but not a word from the Orange River Colony. It reminds me of the time when Lord Kitchener was going up the Nile and when for days we heard nothing at all from "the Front." I expect that some great movement is going on of which we shall hear nothing until it is all over and the blow has been struck. Perhaps by the time these lines are in print we shall know all about it. Anyhow, "The Man in the Street" has perfect confidence in Lord Kitchener as a hard, clean worker, who does not leave any raw edges to his job. Even De Wet seems to have vanished, like our old friend Osman Digna, who used to do the disappearing trick as regularly as De Wet. But he got caught at last, and by Kitchener's men, too.

I see that they have put a huge hoarding round St. Clement Danes Church, and are going to widen the Strand by slicing off the churchyard north and south. It is rather hard that the poor folk who were buried there should be disturbed before their time, but I suppose it is necessary for the good of those of us who are still alive. It seems that all is to be done decently and in order, and that the bones are to be transported to Woking Cemetery, where, I hope, they will be allowed to rest in peace. The huge hoarding is extended to hide the operation from "The Man in the Street." I trust that it will be left as it is, and not plastered over with posters of circuses and musical comedies.

THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Remarkable Career of a Man who Rose by his own Genius to the Proudest Position in the World of the Church and of Letters.

A GREAT Churchman—perhaps the greatest Churchman of our time, using the word in the sense in which it was always employed when the Princes of the Church were invariably spoken of in this way—was the Bishop of London, whose illness has been so universally deplored, and for whose recovery, even in spite of the gravity of the news of his condition, everyone hoped till hope was extinguished by his death last Monday. Acutely modern in thought and feeling, he seemed in the nineteenth century to have his head thrust upward into the twentieth, while his eyes were somehow turned backward to the sixteenth.

THREE THINGS DISTINGUISHED THE BISHOP—

the ecclesiasticism of the Church, the feeling of the historian, the humanity of the man with the dominant brain at once analytical and imaginative, and a sense of humour, now playful, now severe, but always acute and always refined.

Born in Carlisle in the middle of 1843, Mandell Creighton went from the Durham Grammar School to Merton College, Oxford, where in due time he became a Fellow and then a tutor, in which capacity, as he had to do historical teaching, he began to devote himself to history, with the result that, in 1875, he published a Roman History Primer. From teaching ancient to modern history was but a step. The outcome of this was "The Age of Elizabeth" and other books of the period, until his strong bias towards ecclesiastical history led him to take up the study of the feud preceding the Reformation, and the production of his "History of the Papacy During the Reformation," the five volumes of which occupied the leisure of the best part of twelve years, from 1882 to 1894. It requires no prophetic power to declare that it will live for all time as the standard work on the subject.

Not less brilliant than his position as a historian was the place he won for himself in the Church, a position in which, it goes without the saying, he was considerably more widely known, though the fact that one's name is familiar to the world is a by no means accurate measure of position.

It was not until he was thirty-two that he was offered a living in the country, and then came what he has called

"THE CRISIS OF HIS LIFE,"

when he had to decide whether he would remain at Oxford or become a parish priest. Duty,

TO WHICH HE NEVER FAILED TO YIELD A READY OBEDIENCE,

compelled him to accept the living, and he went as Vicar to Embleton, in Northumberland. There he spent, to use his own words, "the ten happiest years of his life." There, too, he laid the foundation of the administrative ability which distinguished his conduct of the See, the late Sir George Grey, then an old man who had retired from public life and was living in the parish, being one of his mentors, from whom he derived much knowledge which was to be of inestimable service to him later on.

From Embleton to Cambridge, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, a Chair newly instituted, was his next step, followed in 1885 by the offer by Mr. Gladstone of a Canonry at Worcester. The acceptance of this led to a sort of dual life, for one half of the year was spent at Worcester and the other half at Cambridge. In 1890, Lord Salisbury requested Dr. Creighton to transfer himself from Worcester to Windsor, but before this change could be carried into effect the Bishopric of Peterborough became vacant, and the Premier offered it instead.

There was nothing in the world which

DR. CREIGHTON DESIRED LESS AT THE TIME THAN TO BE A BISHOP,

but, to quote his own words, "I have always thought that if a man is in service he must go where he is told to go," so he went to Peterborough instead of going on with his great history, as he so earnestly desired to do, and found the change not nearly so uncongenial as he had imagined it would be.

When Dr. Benson died, and Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, was made Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Peterborough was promoted to the Metropolitan See, the hardest-worked of all by reason of its being the smallest in area and the largest in population.

It is divulging no secret now to say that, even when Bishop of Peterborough, it was the widespread belief of the Bench of Bishops that Mandell Creighton had a very great chance to be translated from Peterborough to Canterbury, in spite of the popular belief that the

BISHOPRIC OF LONDON IS THE HALF-WAY HOUSE

on the road to the Primacy. When, however, Dr. Temple was chosen for the office which he has filled with such conspicuous success, Dr. Creighton's appointment to follow in his immediate footsteps was assured, and nothing was, perhaps, more universally accepted than that London was to be but a halting-place of more or less time on his journey South.

A great advocate of Temperance and a sympathiser with the Temperance movement, his Lordship was not a teetotaler, differentiating in his usual broad-minded manner between the suppression of drink and the suppression of drunkenness—two totally, if not teetotally, different things. While opposed to excessive smoking, he, nevertheless, found a

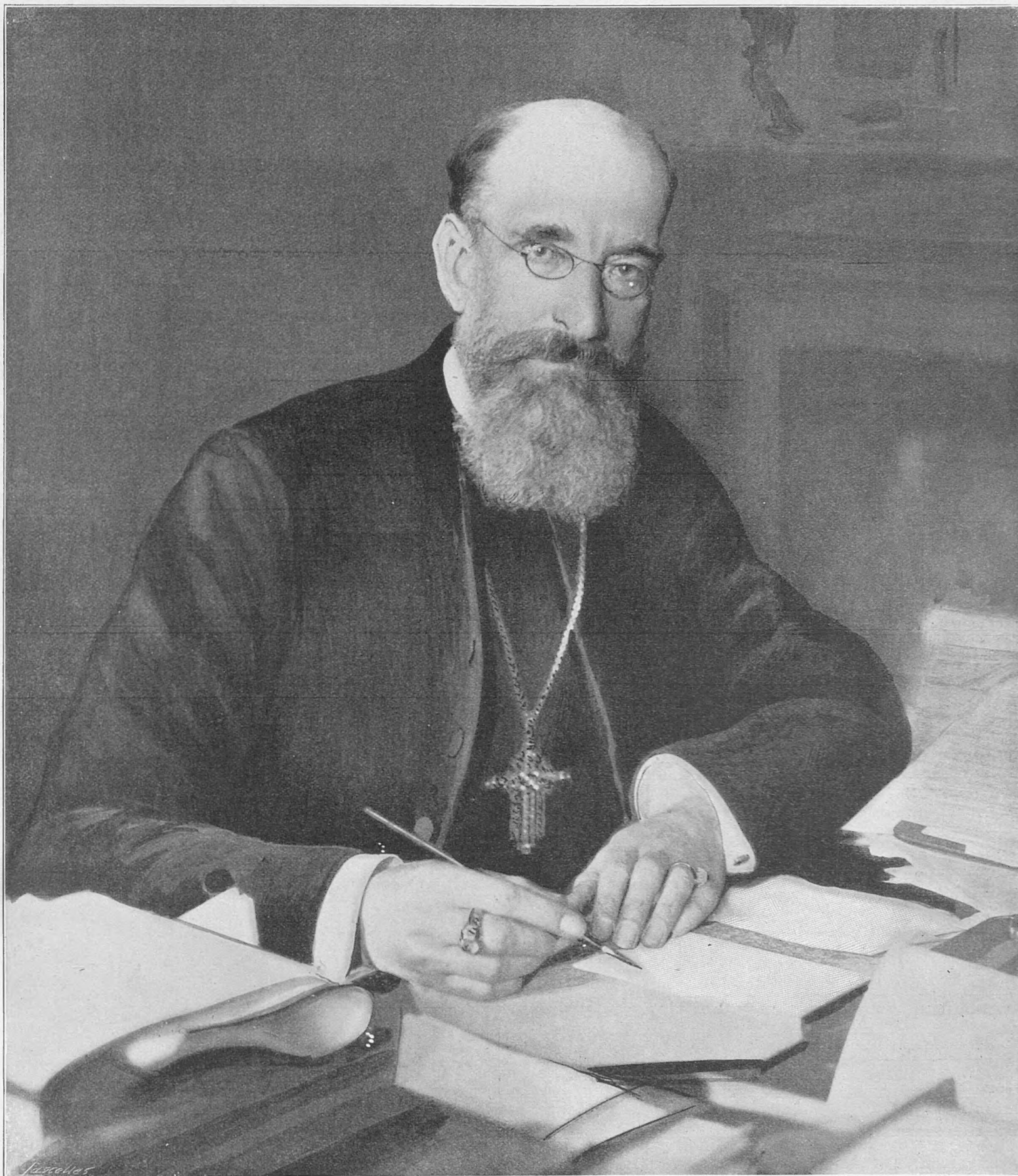
great deal of solace in tobacco, for he was of an acutely nervous temperament and smoking soothed him. Besides, he found that smoking promoted intimacy of conversation between men, and so revealed character, and the

STUDY OF CHARACTER WAS ONE OF THE PASSIONS OF HIS LIFE.

This undoubtedly grew out of the fact that the study of character was so essential to him as a historian, for, as he said, unless a man is

It was certainly a typical example of his mind that, discussing men's professions, he could consider his own so quizzically as to remark that, while others could, as a rule, dismiss their work from their minds when it was finished, the exigencies of his profession were such that he was constantly reminded of it. "I have only to look down at my legs," he said, "to remember that I am a Bishop."

The Bishop of London hovered between life and death till Monday



THE LATE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, P.C., D.D., D.C.L., Litt.D., BISHOP OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

able to grasp character thoroughly, it is almost useless for him to attempt to write history. "How can one begin to write about a man until one knows his character?" he once asked, and added, "You want to know everything which can throw light on that character," for which reason he regarded history as ordinarily taught uninteresting to the schoolboy, whose work is made up of matters rather than of men.

morning, when he expired in Fulham Palace. Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Primate were amongst the most anxious inquirers as to the lamented Prelate's condition. Bishop Creighton will be long revered. It must be placed to his lasting credit that he laboured with heart and soul to lessen the appalling amount of misery in London.

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

MUCH has been told at different times (writes *The Sketch's* Berlin Correspondent) of the Kaiser's sons and of their sayings and doings, but little Princess Victoria is, as a rule, considered too young at present for attention of this nature. I am sure that the young lady herself would not agree on this point at all, for she is most fully imbued with the importance of her position and with the dignity incumbent upon

their way nearer and nearer, evidently intent on obtaining as near a view as possible of the Emperor's daughter. When they had ventured comparatively near, she drew herself up with immense dignity, and, approaching, spoke to them as follows, using the Royal first person plural: "You must not come any nearer, please; do you not realise that WE are here?" On another occasion, an elderly lady of very high rank was calling on Her Majesty the Empress, and, observing the little Princess, gave her a kindly nod. This did not please Her Royal Highness at all, for she said, in a loud aside to her governess: "She seems to quite forget who I am! Why did she not make me a proper curtsy?"

It is said that, in company with her brothers, she used to delight in nothing more than trying to cause visitors at her Royal father's table to blush. The way was most simple, and also often very effectual. When a pause occurred in the conversation, all the children would fix their eyes fixedly and of set purpose on the visitor, and, like real children, would be most highly delighted if discomfiture crowned their united efforts.

THE O.P. CLUB DINNER.

The presence of Mr. Tree, fresh from his grand embodiment of "Herod" at Her Majesty's Theatre, imparted much interest to the first annual dinner of the newly formed association of first-nighters, the O.P. Club, held in the large banqueting-hall of the Criterion last Sunday evening. Mr. Cecil Raleigh, President, occupied the chair, and, with the audacity of a Drury Lane dramatist, made flippant remarks depreciatory of Shakspeare, relieved by his just compliments to Mr. Tree as one of the best of our actors. Mr. Tree related one good anecdote, giving a humorous recipe of how to become a millionaire, but made the mistake of falling foul of the Press because one journalist had treated him and the modern drama with disrespect. Mr. Tree has been so liberally and deservedly praised by the great majority of dramatic critics that he could well afford to overlook the splenetic diatribes of one impolite scribe.

In light and appropriate after-dinner style were the succeeding speeches of MM. Alfred Robbins and George Alexander (who is to be the guest of the evening at the other Playgoers' Club dinner next Sunday), Algernon Lindo, Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett (who, as the courtly President of the Institute of Journalists, aptly replied for the Press), and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.

Mr. Tree, who was welcomed with genuine applause, paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Carl Hentschel for the production of the "Herod" menu in his honour. Founder of the O.P. Club, as he was virtually of the Playgoers' Club from which it has sprung, Mr. Hentschel is one of the best and most zealous friends of the stage, and has gathered round him in the O.P. Club a band of most enthusiastic theatre-lovers, the headquarters being the Adelphi Hotel.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE
AS "SNOW-WHITE."



MISS QUEENIE BOWATER AS "FOLLY" AND MASTER
REGINALD V. BOWATER AS A HENRY VIII. COURTIER.

THE LADY MAYORESS'S FANCY-DRESS BALL, AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

her little eight-year-old self. Even the Emperor himself said, on one occasion, when speaking about his daughter, "Sometimes, when talking to me, she quite forgets that I am Emperor, but I am confident that she never for one moment is oblivious of the fact that she is the Emperor's daughter!" Everyone is fond of the charming little child, and it is the heartfelt prayer of all that she may some day become, like her august mother, the pattern to the people of wifedom, motherhood, and womanliness. At present, Princess Victoria can often be seen accompanying the Empress, walking and driving, and, young as she is, she is by no means afflicted with shyness. On one occasion, when playing in the Royal Park, she noticed some strangers in the distance gradually edging

HAYMARKET.—THE SECOND IN COMMAND.
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
EXTRA MATINEES TO-MORROW (Thursday) and THURSDAY, Jan. 24, at 2.30.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,
LAST TWO WEEKS. **HEROD.** LAST TWO WEEKS.
By Stephen Phillips.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, Jan. 23.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	9 25	10 5	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40
* Kensington	10 15	11 15
London Bridge	9 25	12 0

* (Addison Road). A.—Eastbourne, Sunday, First Class, 10s. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton, D.—Brighton in 60 Minutes. "Pullman Limited," Sundays, 12s. Brighton and Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

WINTER SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST.—Cheap Day
Return Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) from London and Suburban Stations Week-days to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings. Also WEEK-END TICKETS every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to these places, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Full Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.



"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Illustrated London News is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "Bobs" as Schoolmaster. The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at the Front," two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, Illustrated London News Photogravure Department, 193, Strand, London, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Playground of Princes.

The Riviera will indeed earn its name of "The Playground of Princes," for during the weeks that the Queen intends to honour Cimiez with her presence it is estimated that upwards of two hundred Royal personages will wend their way to Nice, a large number being Princes and Princesses of the Prussian blood-royal. There now seems no doubt that, as was early announced in *The Sketch*, the Empress Frederick will make a considerable sojourn in Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Malet's beautiful place, which—tell it not in Gath!—is actually situated on the territory of Monaco, being known throughout the Principality by the simple name of Château Malet. Her Majesty's late Ambassador in Berlin chose for his own and his wife's Southern French home a spot which is within easy distance of Nice, of Beaulieu, and of Cap Martin, and, though within a very short drive of Monte Carlo, Château Malet is to all intents and purposes as far removed from the cosmopolitan village of palaces where Dame Fortune holds her Court as if it were a hundred miles away.

William II. and his French Friends.

From one point of view, it is perhaps fortunate that the Château Malet has as its postal address Monaco, rather than France, for it may well suit the German Emperor to pay his mother a flying visit, and, should this come to pass, French susceptibilities will not be aroused by his presence on French soil—indeed, it would be quite possible for William II. to make a stay in Monaco without going into France at all. Should he care to go by sea from Italy, there is ample room even for the *Hohenzollern* in the lovely Bay of Hercules. On the other hand, there is a large section of the French public who would like to see France and Germany draw nearer together, and the fact that the German Emperor was said to have visited Paris incognito during the Exhibition was accepted in the light of a compliment, and not as an insult, by our volatile neighbours.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Duchess of Devonshire, who certainly this month lives up to her great reputation as the most brilliant and successful hostess in Society, the Prince of Wales's stay at Chatsworth has been attended with a very special *éclat*. Private theatricals made an admirable excuse for bringing together a goodly company of "brave men and fair women," and the splendid ball-room, one of the glories of Chatsworth, was never seen to better advantage than during the performance of those two charming trifles, "Le Bibelot" and "A Pantomime Rehearsal." The three characters which compose the cast of "Le Bibelot" were taken severally by Count Albert Mensdorff, who is, of course, a cousin of the Prince of Wales, Miss Muriel Wilson, and Lady Alexandra Acheson—the latter, Lord Gosford's pretty elder daughter, who is one of the Princess of Wales's many god-daughters. Each of the three also took important parts, those of Sir Charles Gardison, Miss Mary Russell Portman, and Miss Rose Russell Portman, in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," where, however, what may be called the leading rôle, that of Jack Dudes, was admirably played by Mr. Bingham Mildmay.

Other Fair Amateurs.

Lady Maud Warrender, who is one of Lord Shaftesbury's beautiful sisters and the wife of the gallant Commander of the Queen's yacht, played with great spirit Lady Muriel Beauclerk; and Mrs. Willie James, who may, perhaps, claim to be the best amateur actress in Society, took the rôle of the Hon. Lily Eaton Belgrave, while Mrs. Graham Menzies represented the Hon. Violet Eaton Belgrave. Of course, special interest was aroused by the appearance of Miss Muriel Wilson, who looked none the worse for her plucky deed the other day. To save a man from, perhaps, the most hideous of modern deaths—that of being crushed by a railway train—requires exceptional nerve as well as physical strength of a rare order.

A Ducal Sportsman.

The Duke of Devonshire is one of the keenest of British sportsmen—indeed, it was once wittily observed of him that, "instead of shooting to live, Chatsworth does not, however, count as his principal sporting estate, for that proud pre-eminence must be awarded to Bolton Abbey. It is greatly to the Duke's credit—and, it may be whispered, to that of his Keeper—that one day last week the Royal party—that is, the Prince and seven other guns—bagged five hundred head of game.

The Ill-Fated Royal Yacht.

At a time when everybody was foretelling the wondrous career of the new Royal yacht, I ventured in these columns to predict that the Queen would never use the vessel except as a house-boat at Cowes, and I also hinted somewhat broadly that the Chief Constructor of the Navy had been hampered in his designs. The new Royal yacht, having been declared an absolute failure on which three-quarters of a million pounds have been wasted, I think that it is only just to Sir William White to state that this mishap is not to be counted to his discredit. Most of us know the story of the tailor who thought he could edit a newspaper. Far be it from me to compare some of the Court officials to tailors, but there seems to be some affinity between cloth-cutting and ship-building. Desirous of making the new *Victoria and Albert* a replica of the old

ship, such orders and counter-orders were issued by ignorant persons, quite unknown to the Queen, that the present fiasco has been the result. No new Royal yacht was wanted or asked for by Her Majesty, and, as I have said before, had she been the most commodious vessel at hand, the Queen would never have crossed the Channel in her.

The fact of the whole matter is that the Prince of Wales was advised to get the use of another yacht which should supersede the *Osborne*, a worn-out old tub, and he was quite justified in requiring a more modern vessel. But it was confidentially pointed out by "my Lords" of the Admiralty that to provide a new yacht for the Heir-Apparent was quite beyond their province and that of the Treasury. If the Queen required it, that was quite another question.

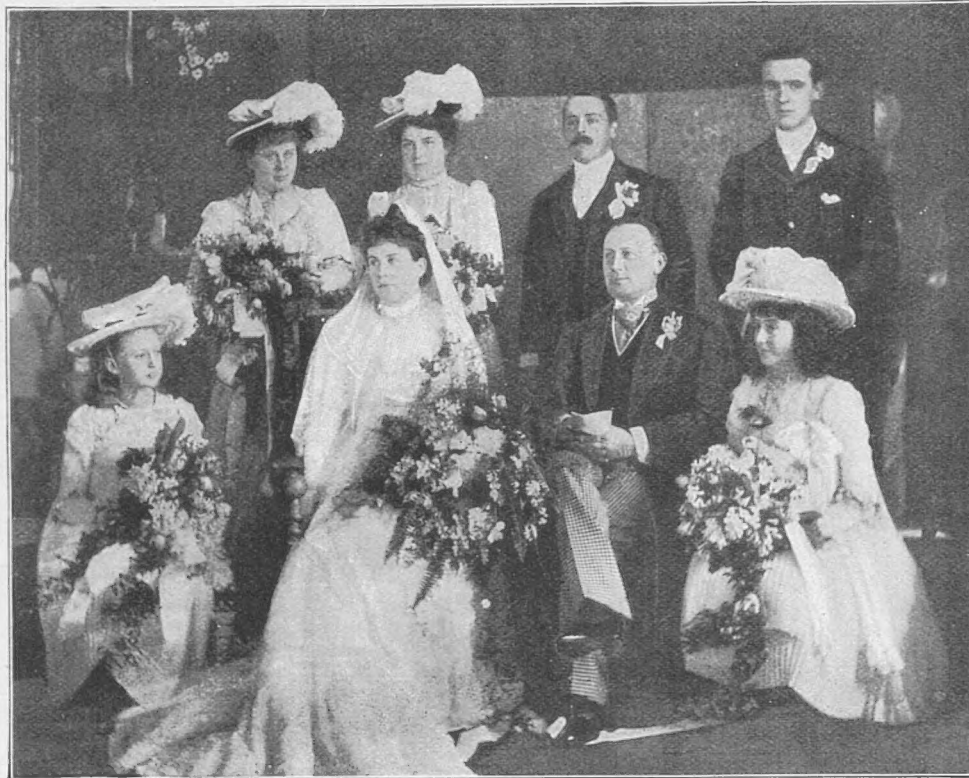
Consequently the interference of landmen in things which they did not understand and the uncalled-for censure of Sir William White. Had the building of the new yacht been boldly faced, and the Prince of Wales been given, as an experienced yachtsman, a free hand, he and Sir William White would certainly have produced a satisfactory boat and not wasted a large fortune.

The Kaiser's Yacht.

The *Hohenzollern*, the so-called yacht of the German Emperor, is very much better appointed in every way than the *Victoria and Albert*. The *Hohenzollern* is an Ironclad which would probably be classed in our Navy as a third-class cruiser. The rooms—it is impossible to call them cabins—occupied by the Emperor, the Empress, and their family resemble elegant suites at a first-class hotel, the bed-chambers, the bath-room, and the nursery being of the most comfortable description. I fancy that the deck-plans of our now discarded Indian troopers were consulted when the *Hohenzollern* was built. One of these days we shall possibly find out why that magnificent ship, the *Serapis*, was cast adrift after being thoroughly renovated for the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. To-day she would be invaluable for the transport of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia.

A Great Irish Wedding.

There was something fitting in the fact that the marriage of Lord Oranmore and Miss Olwen Ponsonby took place, after all, in Ireland instead of in London, for both families are deservedly popular in the Emerald Isle, and Lord Bessborough—the bride's venerable grandfather—has never



THE BRIDAL PARTY OF LORD ORANMORE'S WEDDING. PHOTOGRAPHED AT BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY, JUST AFTER THE WEDDING.

Photo by Poole, Waterford.

been an absentee landlord. The wedding, which was celebrated comparatively quietly at Piltown Church, Kilkenny, was the occasion of a great deal of local rejoicing; and the bridesmaids—Miss Irene and

to take place in the early spring. Miss Margaret Stanley, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley's daughters, and one of the charming group of cousins which includes Miss Madeline Stanley, Mrs. Alhusen, Lady Carlisle's daughters, Lady Avebury and Lady Grove, is engaged to Commander Goodenough.

Approaching Weddings.

Though it was said at first that the Westminster-Cornwallis-West marriage would not take place for at least a year, it is now announced that the date of the wedding is definitely fixed for Feb. 14. It was hoped that the marriage would be celebrated in Westminster Abbey, for no other London fane so lends itself to a great wedding-pageant, and yet, curiously enough, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has been chosen, and this although the crush at fashionable weddings is often quite unbearable. The last great wedding celebrated in the Abbey was that of Lord Crewe and Lady Margaret Primrose.

Colonel-in-Chief of the "Jollies."

The appointment of the Duke of York to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines has naturally been welcomed by the "Jollies" with the greatest enthusiasm. It is not quite correct that His Royal Highness succeeds his uncle, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in this post, for Prince Alfred was Honorary Colonel of the Marines, not Colonel-in-Chief. The latter is quite a new post in connection with the "Jollies." Besides the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, the Czar of Russia, the German and Austrian Emperors, and the Duke of Cambridge are Colonels-in-Chief of various famous British regiments, and the latter, of course, was created Colonel-in-Chief of the Army on his retirement from the Command-in-Chief. It is but a short time ago that the Duke of York was appointed to be the first Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London



THE WEDDING OF LORD ORANMORE: BREAKFAST-TABLE AT BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY.

Miss Gweneth Ponsonby, Miss Somerset, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan, Miss Betty Murray, and Miss Mary Alderson—made a delightful group of cousins, all gowned in bridal white, a touch of colour being supplied by the charming blue-and-gold muff-chains which formed the bridegroom's original souvenirs. The bride, who is devoted to her native country, wore an exquisite Irish-lace gown embroidered in pearls by those peasant workers who earn a profitable livelihood thanks to Lady Duncannon's untiring efforts on their behalf.

An Old-Fashioned Wedding-Breakfast.

After the ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Ossory, Lord and Lady Oranmore's large party of relations and guests went off to Bessborough, where they enjoyed a regular old-fashioned wedding-breakfast, the table (photographed above) being set in the beautiful room where the bride's forbears have so often entertained the high Irish nobility, to say nothing of their humbler friends and neighbours.

New Engagements.

At this rate, there will soon be no bachelor Peers left! The latest would-be Benedict of the Upper House is the Marquis of Exeter, whose engagement to Miss Orde-Powlett, Lord and Lady Bolton's only daughter, and the pretty niece of Lady Zetland and Lady Grosvenor, has just been announced. The Marquis of Exeter, who is only four-and-twenty, is Hereditary Grand Almoner, and the head of the older branch of the Cecil family, and it is as such that he is master of Burghley House, "near Stamford town." The future Marchioness is just one-and-twenty, and she enjoys the romantic Christian names of Myra Rowena Sibell, but fate spared her Lady Bolton's first name of Algitha. Miss Orde-Powlett has only one brother, ten years older than herself, who married some years ago a daughter of Lord Ashbourne. The wedding is expected



BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY, FAMILY SEAT OF THE PONSONBY FAMILY, NOW OCCUPIED BY VISCOUNT DUNCANNON.

Regiment), which recently became a four-battalion corps. The Royal Marines are now quite a little Army in themselves, being nearly nineteen thousand strong, so that, irrespective of their splendid achievements, they were well entitled to the honour done them. In ancient times, regiments raised for sea-service were frequently afterwards either absorbed by the Army or disbanded. Thus, more than two hundred years ago, H.R.H. the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment, "for the service of the Navy only," was formed, one battalion being subsequently disbanded, and the other incorporated with the Coldstream Guards. So there is a peculiar fitness in another Duke of York becoming Colonel of our present Maritime Regiment, with its splendid record of sea and land service.

A Fighting Beresford?

The birth of a son and heir to Lord and Lady Waterford is an event of great moment, for the young Irish Peer and his pretty wife were already the parents of two little daughters. There is something rather pathetic in the thought that this latest addition to the House of Beresford should have come into the world almost simultaneously with the death of his great-uncle, Lord William Beresford. The birth of a son to Lady Waterford must have given an added pleasure to Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who were at the time the happy event was communicated to them busily engaged in welcoming home their two sons, Captain the Earl of Kerry and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice. Not only Bowood, but the whole of that part of Wiltshire was *en fête* in honour of the



CURRAGHMORE HOUSE, PORTLAW, NEAR WATERFORD, FAMILY SEAT OF THE BERESFORDS, AND PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

From Photographs by Poole, Waterford.

two young heroes' return from "the Front"; and the historic house and grounds were hospitably thrown open to the public, while the tenantry, who took a prominent part in the welcome, were lavishly entertained. The fact that the then Secretary of State for War had his own two sons taking an active part in the campaign, and that in the event of their deaths his historic title would have become extinct, proves the single-hearted patriotism of Lord Lansdowne as nothing else could do.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G.

Photo by Barrauda, Oxford Street, W.

Personally one of the most estimable of English noblemen, a citizen who has rendered excellent service to the public in a quiet yet zealous sort of way on the London County Council, and a statesman under whose urbane and thoughtful rule as Postmaster-General many invaluable boons in the direction of cheapened postage were conferred upon the community, Henry Fitzalan - Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, has justly many admirers among all sorts and conditions of people in this country. Proportionate must have been the regret with which numbers of his friends heard of his unfortunate remarks in addressing the Pope in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, on the 8th inst., on behalf of the large body of Roman Catholic pilgrims Cardinal Vaughan headed. Naturally, the Italian National Press took exception to this extraordinary passage in the Duke's address to His Holiness: "*We pray, and we trust, that this new century may witness the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to that position of temporal independence which Your Holiness declared necessary for the effective fulfilment of the duties of your world-wide charge.*"

England and Italy. No one who has a lively recollection of the magnificent and inspiring welcome London's millions gave the great, unselfish, and noble Italian Liberator, Garibaldi, on his arrival in England in the early 'sixties—no one who remembers that Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," in fighting side by side with his red-bloused chief in the Two Sicilies, represented hosts of Britons who heartily sympathised with that campaign of emancipation—no one, in fine, who thoroughly supported the successful movement which consolidated Italy under Victor Emmanuel, can fail to deplore the Duke of Norfolk's lamentable utterance with regard to the Roman Pontiff. United Italy, our friend and ally, has a warm corner in our hearts. The Italian Press laboured under an evident misapprehension when it thought that Lord Currie, the British Ambassador at Rome, could for a moment have intended to slight the King of Italy at the social reception given by the Duke. It is reassuring to learn, on the authority of the well-informed Correspondent of the *Daily News* at Rome, that "no toasts were drunk on the occasion."

The Wreck of the "Russie." A shipwreck which kept newspaper-readers enthralled for days together was a disastrous drama in real life to begin the New Year with. It is no exaggeration to say that all Europe was engrossed in the sad wreck of the French Oran mail-steamer *Russie* on the Faraman Reef during the storm of Monday, Jan. 7, within four hundred yards of the coast, and in the mind-pictures conjured up of the anxious crowds on the shore, who for four days and more vainly endeavoured to save the hungry crew and passengers by rockets. Reading of the brave words Captain Jouvé, lashed to a mast of the *Russie*, shouted to some gallant would-be rescuers from Carro, "We are of good cheer, and trust in you. Make haste!" one could but ask—where were the French men-of-war not to have hastened to save their fellow-countrymen in such pitiful plight? It was, however, a great relief to us all to learn on Friday that the long-suffering Captain and, indeed, all on board were mercifully rescued that morning.

"Lest They Forget!" The publication in *The Sketch* of Jan. 2 of the photogravure of M. Huas's painting illustrating France's gratitude to England for provisioning Paris after the siege of '70-'71 has naturally attracted attention on the other side of the Channel. May it help to restore the *entente cordiale*! A correspondent courteously calls attention to an error in the inscription

under the Illustration. It was the late Mr. George Moore, of the London firm of Messrs. Copestake, Frampton, and Moore, who was represented as the foremost figure on the English side—and not Mr. Frampton.

An Ambassador's Reminiscences. Sir Edward Malet's forthcoming volume of Reminiscences will certainly be the most interesting book of its kind since the similar work of Lord Augustus Loftus. Sir Edward's grandmother married as her second husband the famous Lord Brougham, and it is to be hoped that the book will include many stories of that saturnine figure. Sir Edward's Diplomatic career of more than forty years covered an extraordinarily varied field; thus, he was in charge of the British Embassy in Paris during the Commune, he was Minister-Plenipotentiary at Constantinople at the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War, and for eleven years he was the British Ambassador in Berlin, where his relations with the German Imperial Family were of the most cordial kind.

The "Handy Man's" Reward. The promotion of Rear-Admiral Fawkes left vacant an appointment of Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and the knowledge that Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton has been given the post has naturally caused the greatest satisfaction in the Navy. It is presumed that one Captain whose name has been above that of Captain Lambton will be given a Good Service pension. The Queen is known to take so exceptional and keen an interest in the Boer War that it is quite natural she should wish to attach some of its heroes to her *entourage*, and certainly Captain Lambton's achievements will be regarded by posterity as being almost equal to those of "B.-P." himself.

"Our Regiment" at Thame. A particularly good amateur performance of "Our Regiment," that excellent and well-trying farcical comedy, was given at Thame on Thursday evening last. Dr. Edsell, of that town, who was responsible for the production and mounting, is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the show. He was fortunate to have secured the services of Mr. Charles Shepherd-Smith, who is rapidly coming to the front as an exceedingly tactful and clever stage-manager. The company, who had been well drilled, played with real ability. *The Sketch* is always glad to encourage such artistic attempts as these.

"Florodora." The mellifluous music of Mr. Leslie Stuart's "Florodora," at the Lyric Theatre, could not assuredly be interpreted more sweetly than it is by Devonshire's dulcet prima-donna, Miss Florence St John, apropos of whose resumption of the part after her recent indisposition I have the pleasure of printing her latest photograph.



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS FLORODORA, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The late Sir J. R. Dickson.

Only last week I gave a sketch of the personnel of the First Cabinet of the Commonwealth of Australia. One of the Ministers, who had the distinction of being its only English-born member, whose portfolio was that of Defence (corresponding to War Minister), has not lived long to enjoy his new dignity. A cable from Sydney announces the death of this gentleman on Wednesday last, after a short illness. Sir James Dickson's name was one of those which appeared in the New Year list of Honours. In 1897 he was made "C.M.G.," and on Jan. 1, the birthday of the Commonwealth, "K.C.M.G." The announcement of his sudden demise has been received with great regret.

"Gib." Chat.

You have all seen in last Saturday's *Illustrated London News* a vivid drawing of "Bobs" inspecting the Gibraltar fortifications, in company with his old friend, brave and gallant Sir George White, V.C., whose splendid defence of Ladysmith vied with "B.-P.'s" bold holding of Mafeking and Kekewich's stand at beleaguered Kimberley. As *The Sketch* "Gib." Correspondent proves, Sir George was well to the fore also at the commencement of the New Century: "After your welcome cable, I saw the Old Year out at Mrs. Phillips's very jolly party. There was plenty of music and dancing. At five minutes to midnight the punch-bowl was brought in, and at the stroke of midnight all drank to the New Year, and sang lustily 'Auld Lang Syne.' Donning coats and cloaks, we then sallied forth to the town, arm-in-arm, and arrived opposite the Convent, where a large crowd had assembled, just in time to hear Sir George White make a patriotic speech, in a clear, stentorian voice, in laudation of the British Empire and the closer union of the Colonies and Motherland brought about by the Transvaal War, a struggle which, as he said, England had been driven into through the false pretences and crafty wiles of Paul Kruger. He wound up by wishing all a Happy New Year, and then the crowd rent the air with responsive cheers for the noble defender of Ladysmith—a defence which will be chronicled among the most momentous events in our military annals. Rely on it, those cheers meant that Englishmen all the world over are determined to hold their own. A hearty word of praise, to conclude with, for the 'Gib.' Garrison Amateur Dramatic Club's performance at our Theatre-Royal of the 'Rip van Winkle' comic opera, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady White, and the really excellent management of Captain J. D. McLachlan, Cameron Highlanders, Captain T. F. Cooper, R.A., and Surgeon N. L. Richards, R.A. Singing, acting, orchestra, costumes, scenery—hard to beat! Indeed, the opera drew crowded houses at each representation. The singing of Surgeon Richards, as Rip, also of Mr. F. Preece, of Miss Grove as Gretchen, Miss Croome as Katrina, and of Miss Caryl Tate and Master B. Jackson as Little Alice and Hans, deserved warm commendation. Each and all merited the bouquets and presents offered by the delighted audience. I cannot tell you how proud the 'Rock' feels at the visit of Lord Roberts, and of his warm eulogium of Sir George White's heroic defence of Ladysmith."

"From the Cape to Cairo."

The volume by Mr. Ewart S. Grogan and Arthur H. Sharpe, on their journey "From the Cape to Cairo," is reported to be a great success with the reading public. Mr. Grogan was the first European to travel right through from the Cape to Cairo, and he took two years to the journey of 6600 miles. The gratifying news comes that the *Daily Telegraph* expedition arrived at Khartoum on Jan. 3, after a good journey of 1200 miles along the Nile. The Correspondent, in looking back over his journey, thinks that nothing equals the results achieved by the British South Africa Company and the Soudan Administration. Their work, as compared with other nationalities, is real colonisation. North-Eastern Rhodesia is spoken of as a promising Colony, and Sir Harry Johnston's administration in Uganda is praised. In his opinion, the British African Empire from the Cape to Cairo is only rising out of the foundations laid by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Harry Johnston, and so splendidly consolidated by Lord Roberts.

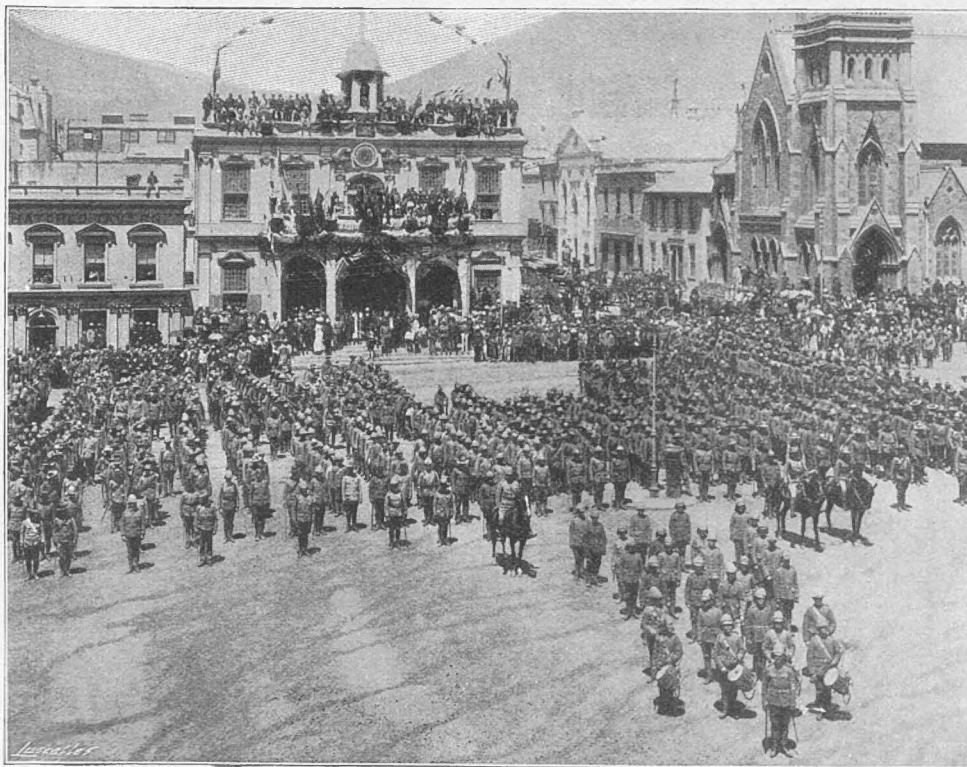
Death of Guy Powell.

The Sketch unites with the *Daily Telegraph* in deploring the early death from dysentery of Mr. Guy Powell, eldest son of Major S. Powell, of Bishopton, Ripon. Bright and cheery, young Guy Powell was the right-hand man of Mr. Lionel Declé, and, indeed, the only white man who accompanied that adventurous explorer in the *Daily Telegraph* Expedition "from Cape Town to Cairo."

A New Peer.

Very little is known of the personality of the new Lord Dormer, the nephew of the late Peer and the representative of an historic line—indeed, he is himself the thirteenth bearer of his title. The son of a one-time famous soldier, who fought in all the earlier Victorian campaigns, only to end his life ingloriously out tiger-shooting when occupying the responsible post of Commander-in-Chief at Madras, Lord Dormer is believed to have political ambitions, and his friends believe that they see in him a future Cromer; for probably few men of his age—thirty-eight—know more of Egypt and Egyptian affairs, the more so that not only has he acted for some time as Secretary to the Egyptian Minister, but he has long lived in Cairo, where he married, three years ago, Miss Marie Eywaz, whose father was for many years one of the best-known and respected residents of that city.

Lord Dormer's heir is his brother, a naval officer some two years younger than himself. Of his six sisters, three are married—the eldest being the Countess of Abingdon—and three are single, one being a nun. It is hoped in Warwickshire that Lord and Lady Dormer will settle down at Grove Park, their delightful place near Warwick.



CAPE TOWN SAYS FAREWELL TO THE CANADIANS AND AUSTRALIANS—BUT MUST NOW WISH SOME OF THE GALLANT COLONIALS WERE BACK.

Photo by Peters, Cape Town.

The new Lord Leconfield was for many years of his life the late Peer's secondson—indeed, there is no doubt that the death of Mr. George Wyndham, his then son-and-heir, a very promising young man, greatly contributed to the late Lord Leconfield's death. The new Peer, hitherto known as Mr. Charles Wyndham, will be nine-and-twenty next month. He has four brothers and three sisters, but, so far, the only married members of the family are Mrs. Maxse and Mrs. Yorke. The death of Lord Leconfield, of course, places a great many well-known people in mourning, including Lord Rosebery and his children, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham, their sons and daughters, and last, not least, the

Duchess of Cleveland. Petworth House is famous among historic country seats as containing one of the finest private galleries in the world. The late Lord Leconfield and his children were immensely popular in Sussex, and were constantly seen at the various festivities given by the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, for Petworth is within a drive of both Goodwood and of Arundel.

Miss Clara Clemens.

The numerous admirers and friends in this country of Mark Twain, who have followed with sympathetic interest the series of receptions accorded to the genial humorist on his return to his native land, will learn with pleasure that Miss Clara Clemens, his daughter, is about to make her appearance on the concert-stage in America. Miss Clemens has undergone a course of hard study in Europe, and naturally prefers to make her début in the States. She has no desire to use her father's name as a stepping-stone to fame, but, as a thorough American, who loves the land of her birth better than all others, she has decided to sing first in one of the leading cities across the Atlantic. Before the year is ended, however, concert-goers may have an opportunity of hearing her in London. Miss Clemens, who studied with Madame Blanche Marchesi and Madame Brandt, has, according to capable judges, a charming voice.

A Good Record.

The Brothers Dalziel are preparing a record of their fifty years' work in connection with many of the most distinguished artists of the period 1840-1890. There will be selected examples of the work of the best men whose drawings came to them for reproduction, and autograph-letters from Lord Leighton, P.R.A., Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., Dante G. Rossetti, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, John Ruskin, and many others.

Mr. E. T. Cook. The more or less "Wisdom of the Wise" in this country does not secure that ready State recognition of the public value of popular journalists which obtains in France and in the United States, or Mr. Edward Tyas Cook, M.A., the brilliant retiring Editor of the *Daily News*, would long ere this have been offered a Government position commensurate with his rare talent and ability.



MR. E. T. COOK, M.A., THE RETIRING EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Remarkable for his tact and fine courtesy, a fluent speaker, an Editor of ripe and varied experience, Mr. Cook has an excellent record. Youngest son of the late Mr. S. Kemball Cook, he was born at Brighton on May 12, 1857; was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he was chosen President of the Palmerston and Union Clubs, and graduated first class in Classics. He began journalism in *Truth*, then went on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and succeeded Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Milner as Mr. Stead's Assistant-Editor. He held the Editorship-in-Chief from 1890 to '92, and, on the sale of the *Pall Mall* to Mr. Astor, left with his staff and started the *Westminster Gazette* on Liberal lines for Mr. (now Sir George) Newnes. Mr. Cook edited the *Westminster* from 1893 to 1895, and was in the latter year promoted to the Chief Editorship of the *Daily News*. After brightening that paper for five years, imparting to it a Liberal-Imperial tone in consonance with Lord Rosebery's views, Mr. Cook found it necessary to seek fresh woods and pastures new, on account of a change in the proprietorship of the *Daily News*. His valedictory leading article on Thursday last was a vigorous vindication of his policy. He carries with him the heartiest sympathies of his journalistic colleagues. Author of an admirable book on Ruskin and useful Guides to the National and Tate Galleries, he may now beguile his leisure with the writing of a new work. One thing is certain: Mr. Cook has of late so distinguished himself as a successful arbitrator in two important strikes that it would be base ingratitude not to reward him for his public services in this direction.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann. Mr. Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, M.A., J.P., is named as the forthcoming Editor of the *Daily News*, though, as a matter of fact, Mr. Clayden resumed temporary editorial control immediately Mr. Cook left Bouverie Street. An oarsman of renown, Mr. Lehmann was the subject of a special *Sketch* Interview only last autumn. A steadfast Liberal in politics, he is reputed to lean more to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's general views than to Lord Rosebery's Imperial notions. But, happily, *The Sketch* has no politics save those of a staunch patriot wishing happiness to everyone. As a man, Mr. Lehmann must, it stands to reason, be everything that is sociable and agreeable, or he would not enjoy the privilege of sitting at the *Punch* round-table. Eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Lehmann, he was born on Jan. 3, 1856, near Sheffield, his mother being a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh. Educated at Highgate School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he qualified himself as a barrister of the Inner Temple, and the keen interest he took in politics led him to court more than one constituency; but hitherto in vain. A prolific writer for *Punch*, and author of various readable books, Mr. Lehmann is also good at boxing and cycling, shooting and fencing, as well as at rowing, and is a great Clubman into the bargain, belonging to the Athenæum, Reform, Garriek, Brooks's, Beefsteak, Isthmian, Bath, and Sports Clubs.

Mr. Lucy. Parliamentary journalists are greatly interested in the announcement that Mr. Henry Lucy's place as sketch-writer for the *Daily News* is to be taken by Mr. H. W. Massingham. Mr. Lucy made acquaintance with the Gallery as the writer of the summary for the morning *Pall Mall*, and since 1873, with the exception of the short period during which he was Editor, he has been the chief Parliamentary representative of the *Daily News*. He has had a front-box to himself. There he was very much at home, sometimes having a flower in a glass of water on the desk. Gallery-men are wondering where he will sit in future. It is assumed he will sit as the representative of *Punch*, of which he is the Parliamentary "Toby."

Two Radical Journalists. Presumably by his appointment as the new Assistant-Editor of the *Daily News*, the Commons Reporters' Gallery will lose Mr. Harold Spender. A very capable journalist, he wrote the Parliamentary sketch for the *Pall Mall* and the *Westminster Gazette* for several years. Then he joined the *Daily Chronicle*; and when Mr. Massingham left that paper, Mr. Spender accompanied him. Recently, both have been on the *Manchester Guardian*, and now both are connected again with a great London journal. Mr. Massingham delights in Parliament, and spends a great deal of time in the Lobby. It is many years since this brilliant writer became Editor of the *Star*, in succession to its founder, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Yet he is only forty now, and he looks even younger. Tall and slender, he has a keen face, clean-shaven save for a fair moustache.

A Quaint Story of Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is, I hear, brightening up for the Spring Campaign. The funniest story which I ever heard with regard to the "Gambling Hell of Europe" (photographed in last week's *Sketch*) is the following: A certain journalistic personage—his name need not be mentioned—wrote over to England to a friend for a small loan. He received a letter containing what he supposed to be a five-pound note, and, *without reading the epistle*, swaggered into *Ciro's* and asked for a hundred and twenty-five francs, which were promptly handed to him. He went, armed with this sum, into the Salon and won a hundred and fifty louis. So elated was he that he asked a friend—none other than the late lamented "Bill" Yardley—to join him in a bottle of champagne at *Ciro's*. The proprietor met them with shrieks of indignation: "What mean you by this? What mean you by this?" The journalistic personage examined the note which he had cashed. Then he read the letter. Then he turned to *Ciro* and said, "My friend, you evidently don't understand a joke. I do. Help yourself!"—and he produced a handful of gold from his pocket. *Ciro* was so struck with this magnificence that he paid for the champagne. But now I come to the point. The supposed "fiver" which *Ciro* had changed was simply one of those fictitious documents on the Bank of Drury Lane issued by poor Augustus Harris to advertise, I think, the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," which said advertisement he had to withdraw under high official pressure. The friend in England was the cruel joker, but yet proved "a friend in need."



MR. R. C. LEHMANN, THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

A Future Field-Marshal?

Many hearty congratulations reached Lord Rosebery when it became known that his eldest son and heir, Lord Dalmeny, had come out ninth at Sandhurst in the list of candidates for commissions in the cavalry and Foot Guards. Lord Dalmeny, who did exceedingly well at Eton, was, it is known, most anxious to go out to South Africa in search of a roving commission, but his father wisely decided that such a course was undesirable, the more so that it has been more than once hinted how unwelcome to the hardened veteran was the presence of those young bloods who soon acquired the somewhat unkind nickname of "Field Coronets"! Above Lord Dalmeny—in fact, passing in third—is Lord Harewood's eldest son, Viscount Lascelles, whose great-grandfather was wounded at Waterloo within a few days of his eighteenth birthday.

The Colonial Decoration.

Very much has been written about a new decoration to be called the "Star of Africa." A long while ago, I announced that the Queen, desirous of honouring her subjects across the seas, had under consideration the establishment of the Order of the Southern Cross, which would come into being on the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York at Sydney. I have no reason to doubt that this project is still in view. At the same time, it has been pointed out to Her Majesty that an Order embracing all her Colonies would meet with general approval, and it has been suggested the extension of the Royal Victorian Chivalry would meet the question. It must not be forgotten that Hindostan is not a Colony, but a Possession, and that the Indian Orders already in being have no bearing on the precedents of the case.



COMMANDER C. H. H. MOORE, R.N., APPOINTED CAPTAIN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

I have the pleasure to portray a new Captain in the Royal Navy, the very type of gallant Captain Hedworth Lambton, who did such good service with his guns at Lady-smith. Captain Charles Henry Hodson Moore joined the Navy as a cadet in 1871. He was made midshipman in 1873, sub-lieutenant in 1877, lieutenant in 1882, and served in that rank thirteen years. In 1895 he was made Commander, and last served in the *Eclipse*, flagship on the East Indian station. He was promoted Captain in the New Year's promotions this year.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. Tyrie Laing, whose death in the recent fighting at Lindley Lord Kitchener reported with regret, had a singularly stirring career during the past twenty years, and had

barely attained the age of forty-two when he gave his life for the country he had loyally and efficiently served in South Africa. A native of Edzell, in Forfarshire, the first eighteen years of Colonel Laing's life were spent on his father's farm, work on which he relinquished when smitten with the desire, like so many country-bred lads, to join a Highland regiment. He was not long connected with the old 93rd before his character marked him out for promotion, and, after service as a sergeant with his regiment in Ireland, Gibraltar, and the Cape, he left the Army when he was twenty-five and became Instructor of Musketry at Queenstown, South Africa. The development of the goldfields in the Transvaal afforded Colonel Laing an outlet for his energies, and, after a period of civilian work, he joined the Salisbury Horse, and distinguished himself in the Matabele Campaign, receiving rapid promotion. After the war, he returned to this country, and resided for a time at Dundee. Thence he proceeded to Klondyke, but returned to South Africa early last year. A short time ago, Colonel Laing visited Cape Town for the purpose of securing men for Lord Kitchener's bodyguard, of which he was appointed leader.

The late "Pork King."

No one has ever escaped hearing the horribly truthful couplet which begins "Early to bed, and early to rise," but not everyone acts up to it. Those who do should read with interest the Life of the late Mr. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, whose death was announced a few days ago. Beginning life "with a shoe-string," an American phrase for nothing, he amassed one of the greatest fortunes in the world—£10,000,000, at least, it is said. One of the secrets of his amazing success was his

capacity for early rising. He was at his office in Chicago every day at seven o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. He employed a large army of clerks and assistants, but he was generally at work before any of them put in an appearance. On the other hand—for nobody can burn the candle at both ends—he was in bed at nine. In another way Mr. Armour was an excellent illustration of proverbial philosophy. Asked once how he had managed to succeed so well, he replied, "By keeping my mouth shut."

Mr. Armour's Coolness.

One of the qualities which contributed to Mr. Armour's success (writes a correspondent) was his extraordinary coolness and presence of mind in a time of crisis. I was present in Chicago, some years ago, when there was a panic on the "Board of Trade," and the price of wheat went jumping up and down like a kangaroo. There were reports of several failures, and then came a rumour that there was a run on one of the biggest banks in the city, that it was being besieged by a frantic crowd, and that there was some danger of a serious financial disaster. I went out into the street; it was full of people, and in the midst of them was a tall, stout, powerfully built man, passing amongst them, speaking quietly to this person and that, evidently expostulating with them. Gradually the crowd melted away. I inquired who the individual was to whom such attention and deference were paid. "Oh, that's Phil Armour! He says the bank's all right—gives his word it's all right, and I guess it is all right. That's what we all think."



THE LATE MR. PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

If the American discovery of the use of salt as the "true elixir of life" should be generally accepted, fallen man, in attempting to lengthen his days, will be in a worse pickle than ever.

What is the French Shore?

It has been reported from Paris, and then contradicted, that this question as between Newfoundland and France has at last been settled by the exchange of Gambia. Settled or not, it is good to know that the matter has, at least, been canvassed, as it concerns some fourteen thousand of our Colonists, to whom the matter is of far more pressing interest than even the War in South Africa or the return of Lord Roberts. Someone has said, regarding the fickleness of the French nation, that, "If God were to send an angel to rule over them, in ten years they would be tired of him and be longing to have a devil, just by way of a change." There may be some truth in this as regards home affairs, but France shows as much tenacity in clinging to her Colonial rights as we do to ours. The French Shore Question in Newfoundland dates from 1713, when the French were conceded the right to catch and dry fish on the north-east and western coasts of Newfoundland. Later concessions gave the French power of non-interference by us, so that no British subject can

build a residence, store, or wharf on the water-front of eight hundred miles, extending north from Cape John, on the east coast, round by the Strait of Belle Isle, and south to Cape Ray, the south-western extremity of the island. The Briton cannot fish, or open a mine, erect a mill, or sell bait even, if a Frenchman protests. And a French man-of-war is usually handy to watch over French interests. But Mr. Reid, who has done so much for the island, outwitted the gallant Frenchmen at St. George's Bay, and, by putting on a strong force of men when the French man-of-war was absent for eleven days, coaling at Sydney, erected a railway-pier there in spite of them. On the north-east coast, the most wretched and poverty-stricken part of the Treaty Shore, the natives have a miserable time of it, and once a message was sent, on the failure of the fishings, "Send us food, or lumber to make coffins with." The fisher-folk put their bread-dough in their



MISS IRIS BRUCE

As "The Sketch" War Number in the Mayor's Children's Fancy Ball, held on the Queen's Birthday, 1900, at Christchurch, New Zealand. Photo by Standish and Preece.

beds, so that the warmth may cause the yeast to work, while tea-drinking is as great a curse there as it is in some of the poorer parts of Ireland. When we gain our rights there this dog-in-the-manger policy will cease!

*Monseigneur
Favier.*

The French Bishop of Pekin, Monseigneur Favier (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent), now on a flying visit to Paris, is one of the notable and one of the most picturesque figures connected with the Chinese imbroglio. The Lazarist priest has been thirty-nine years in China, and has long held there in his hands the entire Roman Catholic movement. He is not only a priest,



LIEUT.-COLONEL D. T. LAING, LATE IN COMMAND OF LORD ROBERTS' BODYGUARD: KILLED NEAR LINDLEY ON JAN. 4.

Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

he is a diplomatist, and he has known how, in forcing an unwelcome religion into the country, to win and hold the favour of the Chinese Court. This is so true that Bishop Favier has been elevated to the rank of a Chinese nobleman, with the right to wear the red—I think it is red—button. This is his second visit to the Quai d'Orsay and to the Vatican within six months. The French Government has raised him in the Légion d'Honneur. There are some who think the Pope sent for him on a mission to the French Government regarding the proposition to dissolve the Church Associations in France.

*A Plump
Missionary.*

This able priest, round whom the Roman Catholic movement in China turns as on a pivot, looks as little as possible like a Frenchman in Orders. A large, round head, and full, open face, bordered from ear to ear with a grey beard upon which falls a heavy grey moustache, the whole crowned with a turban of fur. A corpulent body, scarcely covered with a long, loose great-coat furnished with an enormous fur collar. The total impression is of kindness and energy. His first education was that of an architect, and he drew the plans himself of his Cathedral at Pekin, as well as for the French Consulate at Tien-Tsin, and for the greater number of churches under his charge, nearly all of which, having been many times sacked and pillaged, he has many times rebuilt. When in China he wears Chinese clothes, and he is said to prefer Pekin to Paris. It is said that his episcopal palace contains a collection of Chinese art worth a fortune.

*The French
"Hippique."*

M. de la Haye-Jousselin is the new President of the French "Hippique" Society, succeeding the Count de Juigné, who himself succeeded the Marquis de Mornay. He is one of the most accomplished and most elegant sportsmen in France. Already Vice-President of the Steeple-chase Society, he is member of all the Sporting Clubs, and is a great friend of the Duchesse d'Uzès, who, as everybody knows, is the most famous sportswoman in France. His magnificent Henry IV. château of Saint-Aubin in the Eure, up to recently the scene of brilliant social life, is now closed on account of the death of Madame de la Haye-Jousselin.

Professor Potain.

The celebrated French doctor, Professor Pierre Potain, who died last week, has probably left a goodly fortune, since he was the most famous general practitioner in France. Yet, if he has, it was without any desire to amass wealth. When called into consultation, he never claimed anything, and took without looking at it the money which was thrust into his hand. The younger doctors called him affectionately "Père Potain," and considered him a learned saint. His death was an ideal end to an ideal life. He attended to his patients as usual, invited a few friends to dinner, and then lay down smilingly to eternal sleep.

*A Musician
"Nouveau Jeu."*

M. Gustave Charpentier, the happy composer of "Louise," the opera which inaugurates realism in a new domain, and which is at its hundredth performance, has started in Paris an original form of charity. His idea is to give to every wage-earning girl in the city a peep once a year into

fairyland; in other words, to furnish her with a seat for herself and one of her family to a performance at a first-class theatre. M. Charpentier, who is a revolutionary in life as well as in art, intends to practise what he preaches, and he has already distributed some thousands of seats. He has, however, created a species of panic among the dramatists by inviting them to contribute to the work some of the "authors' tickets" to which they are entitled when their pieces are played, and by publishing their replies. Those who refused have seen themselves rather disagreeably advertised.

*Madame Loubet
Speaks.*

For the first time since M. Émile Loubet was elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, Madame Loubet has shown sign of life. And very pretty and very womanly was her introduction. She is very fond of children, and she knew the joy that the barraques on the boulevards filled with toys gave to the children of Paris. It was on her express wish that four extra days were given to the proprietors, and this concession allowed many to turn a loss into a gain.

*How la belle
Parisienne Poisons
Herself.*

I spoke the other week (continues my Paris Correspondent) of the deadly qualities of the French drinks, and particularly instanced absinthe. It would seem from the latest medical reports that absinthe, which is the national appetiser, is a baby by the side of the *rulnéraire* which is one of the favourite drinks with French ladies. It contains no less than seventeen poisons. Seven tend to epilepsy, five lead to stupefaction and complete loss of the powers of the legs and arms, and the other five to a pronounced stage of coma. What is even more curious to read is that absinthe no longer exists. The original basis of absinthe was wormwood; to-day it seems that it is a mix-up of the essence of stinging-nettles, spinach pickled in alcohol, indigo-dye, and a dozen other drugs that, on injection, have killed a dog in twelve hours. Even vermuth is violently attacked. It is a difficult city to live in, is Paris. The Municipal Council decorates the walls with posters announcing that you are as good as dead if you drink Seine-water; and, now that the doctors have started out to prove that you should drink nothing, the "Gay City" seems dry—and not humorously dry.

*Advantage of being
Married.*

The re-election of Deschanel as Speaker of the French Chambre des Députés (or "Disputes") reminds me of how little separated him from the post of President of the Republic. Rumour had it that he was engaged to be married to Mdlle. Lucie Faure, and, had the marriage taken place during the life of the late President, there is no doubt that he would have been elected, for Loubet was an unwilling candidate. A bachelor President was impossible, and Deschanel was forgotten. It is strange to see this young and dandified man-about-town, without a vestige of a robe suggesting office, ruling the struggling and snarling crowd of Deputies, half of whom are old enough to be his father.



CLEVER MDLLE. DE VERE (NO RELATION TO LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE).

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



I AM A HERO—FOR ONE MOMENT.

THEY were making up sets for the Lancers. Miss Maisie rather thought she would like to dance them: I was perfectly certain that I shouldn't. Now, if there is any occasion upon which a man is absolutely justified in taking care of himself, it is at a dance. "Dancing," as Horace Parker says in "A Message from Mars," "was invented by and for women," and I never scruple to take a little well-earned rest (and refreshment) when the band begins to tune up for the Lancers. This may serve to explain how it happened that, whenever we approached a set, we found it just completed. Obviously, there was then nothing for it but the dear old window-seat in the hall, an ice, and two glasses of champagne.

Miss Maisie, seating herself comfortably, said that she didn't like window-seats:

"But there is no draught," I urged.

"As if that mattered!" she rejoined. "Men are always thinking about comfort."

"For others—yes. What would you like? An ice?"

"No. For themselves."

I called the waiter, and asked him to bring me two glasses of champagne and a vanilla ice.

"It's really too disgusting!" said Miss Maisie disgustedly.

I called the man back, and changed vanilla for strawberry.

"Vanilla, please," said my partner to the man. "You know I didn't mean that," she added, as soon as he had gone.

"I had to find out," I suggested meekly. "And please don't look so cross."

"Why shouldn't I look cross?"

"Because people will think we are flirting. Remember my reputation."

"You might have thought of that before," she exclaimed with some alarm; "especially when you know how particular mother is."

I looked at Miss Maisie.

"Before—"

"Before choosing such a place as this for sitting out."

"You are quite right," agreed. "But the mistletoe saves us."

She looked up. "Saves you, you mean."

"Saves us both. It hangs there, over our heads, a testimony of innocence."

"I'm not convinced in the least. People are so stupid."

"That makes it all the better. They will think that one of us had a motive in choosing this seat."

"That makes it all the better. They will think that one of us had a motive in choosing this seat."

"One of us!"
"I will say both, if you prefer it."

She held out a hand for her fan. I gave it to her. There was a pause.

"I'm glad I'm not a man," said Miss Maisie at last.

"So am I," I said.

"There is nothing," she continued, ignoring my feeble display of white flag, "that is worth quite so much as self-respect."

"Except, perhaps, respect for others."

Miss Maisie looked at me—mainly, I imagine, because she had nothing ready to say. At that moment the waiter arrived with the ice and champagne.

"Vanilla all gone, Miss," he said. "I've brought strawberry."

"Never mind," said Miss Maisie. "I don't think I want any now." I gave him a nod, and he walked off, leaving the ice. As he went, he looked back at us.

"I don't like that man," said my partner. She was eating the ice.

"Nor I. He appears to draw particular conclusions from general instances. How's the ice?"

"Oh, don't bother! That set seems to be over."

The dancers were streaming through the hall. Each couple that went by shot a glance in the direction of the window-seat.

"How innocent they all are!" whispered Miss Maisie. "This seems to be a favourite place."

"Or stupid," I suggested, and was rewarded with the slightest suspicion of a blush.

"You said that made it all the better," she asserted.

"For one of us, yes."

"I am a woman," she retorted.

"I will defend you with my last breath," I promised.

"Oh, but they couldn't!" she pleaded.

"You forget that I am a stranger to the architecture of the house."

"Do you really think there is any danger?"

"Stupidity knows no limits."

"But it was your suggestion."

"Of course!"

"Then you must suggest a remedy."

I pretended to think hard, and then—

"I have it!" I exclaimed.

"One moment." She sipped a little champagne. "Now!"

"I must kiss you."

"Never!"

"Now. But once only."

"Thank you. That decides me."

"Then I—"

"May not. Take me back to mother, please."

"Very well. But, if I were you, I would think of the morrow."

"I do. I mean, that has nothing to do with it."

"That has everything to do with it. I am sure your mother would see—"

"Don't!"

"—The force of my suggestion. It is the only chance. I will clinch the matter afterwards by giving oral evidence of my unyielding will."

"But—but—!"

"They are going in. It will be too late in a minute."

"Oh, I—"

"Oh, I—"

"Oh, I—"

"Oh, I—"

As we passed into the ball-room again, our waiter was standing near the doorway. He shot a glance of sympathy at my partner.

"I wonder if he saw?" she said.

"I hope so," I said bravely.

"Hero!" exclaimed Miss Maisie,

with a last glance of malevolence.

I bowed.



Chicot

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "ALICE IN WONDERLAND,"
AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Earl Roberts and Reformation—Tips from the Augean Stable—Ring in the Old—Siege of Cape Town and How to Raise It—The War Office as a War Office—An Affaire Kitchener.

"EARL ROBERTS—Will he Reform?" is an article in a contemporary. In questionable taste and—with a man of such temperate habits—utterly unmeaning. But, obviously, the beginning of the commencement of an attempt to take the first steps towards contemplating reform in the Army is perilously near. Yet it is grossly unfair to father upon poor Lord Roberts such absurd extravagances as teaching soldiers to shoot, and giving officers sufficient income to pay their washing-bills, supplying the cavalry with horses and the artillery with guns. The Duke of Wellington used indescribable language about his Army when in the Peninsula, yet, when Cabinet Minister, did nothing to improve it.

Are organisation and proper training really necessary? As a great poet has remarked, "We've got the men." Contrast France, Germany, Russia, and other districts, where the soldier is generally acknowledged to be between one-third and one-fifth of the value of the British article. The presence of an English University, an intelligent foreigner has said, makes the country stupid for miles round. A boy's examination essay lately noted that in the English Public School "learning is kept in its proper place and not allowed to run wild"; it leaves the mind a blank for the receiving of future learning. So the Army. Lord Roberts, attempting to make it a place of instruction, will only run counter to the genius of the English nation. The surreptitious study of tactical works (published solely for "The Man in the Street") is far more deeply seated in smart cavalry regiments than is suspected, and must be put down. Even the pantomimes have taken up the matter.

But why this pessimism (if not solely the aftermath of Christmas)? Army organisation is, at least, a vast improvement on that of a few years ago, when each official was definitely responsible to somebody, and could be dismissed if incompetent, as though, forsooth, he was a common workman in a business-house. The War Office must, and shall, be superior in dignity to a vulgar factory. The faddist section, which is embarrassing the new régime with assertions that the Department is a paid servant of the public, not a Club, may be left—indeed, very safely—to the fury of the populace.

Before reforming the Army, we should, speaking strictly, be assured of having an Army to reform. In parallel columns with the triumphs of returned Generals and congratulatory dinners, we read daily of uproarious looting expeditions in the suburbs of our capitals in South Africa, while Boer recruiting and oath-breaking go on enthusiastically among our fellow-subjects. The reinforcements hurrying to Cape Town by forced marches, and the local defence efforts, may save the town from falling; but to start a Cape Town Siege Fund would be but common charity, with contributions of wines, jellies, perishable foods, and those philosophical volumes and impossible garments which so ably kept the camp-fires going the winter before last.

The twentieth century—stay, the word has been put upon the *Index Expurgatorius* of *The Sketch*. The immediate future should see several English Dreyfus cases. There will be a struggle to the death between the old and the new, the Gentlemen *v.* Players of the Service. The Colville case may be left to the authorities. But a "V.C.," who has been given a title and a Parliamentary grant, has now no guarantee that he will not be, by a change in the Administration, cashiered and imprisoned for contemptible conduct.

An officer may be shot by the nineteenth-century régime and unearthed again by the twentieth—by the Brodrickard party, and buried in Westminster Abbey. The British General, to speak without affectation, "dunno where 'e are." Lord Wolseley may or may not have been threatened with suicide on the French system, but it is at least suspicious that his "disclosures" have not been made. A "syndicate" of South African millionaires is notoriously backing the kid-glove-and-eyeglass section of the Army against Government reforms.

De Wet should not be slow to make use of the system of condemning officers *per* forged telegrams of which they know nothing. Take a readily conceivable case. An apparent letter of Lord Kitchener's is betrayed by his orderly to the Government, offering to desert to France and invade England in co-operation with Mr. Kruger. He is shot without the option of a fine, and the orderly made a "G.C.B." with special remainder. Subsequently the "new fact" arises that the latter is a traitor and the *bordereau* written by the local Boer postmaster. Or, again, the cables to England are cut under pretence of a breakdown in the system—this occurs on about six days a-week ordinarily, and suspicion need not be aroused for months. A fraudulent wire is then handed Lord Kitchener: "Revolution in Central Australia. Leave for there with entire Army at once." Room is thus left for a carousal of the Boer forces, preceded by an exhaustive massacre of the loyalists and a holocaust of the chief towns. Codes are not the slightest protection. Our code messages by heliograph have been answered by the enemy with an easy grace. Bismarck boasted of reading everything—code or no code—that crossed the German frontier.

HILL ROWAN.

PICTURES OLD AND NEW.

IT was a bold enterprise on the part of Mr. F. W. Lawson to attempt to depict the Battle of Graspan from descriptions and sketches taken on the spot, for it is given to few artists to catch the atmosphere of a place they have not seen, and, of course, he laid himself open to the danger of ridicule by those returning from Africa. He is, therefore, to be congratulated on having so far succeeded in his task as to satisfy officers who were present at the actual scene. It may be doubted whether South African battlefields lend themselves very suitably to pictorial representation, for the all-pervading khaki colour is apt to grow monotonous—khaki uniforms, khaki guns, and khaki hills and plains. In the present instance, the artillery assault on the hills, the eager troops in the foreground, the expressions of the wounded, and all the details of the battle-ground are cleverly realised. It is only the inevitable colour arrangement that causes dissatisfaction. The picture is exhibited at the Doré Gallery.

THE WATER-COLOUR ART.

All who are interested in the growth of the water-colour art will find attractive matter at the Fine Art Society's Exhibition, which includes the works of one hundred painters of the nineteenth century. Here we may trace the slow development from the tight and precise methods of, say, J. R. Cozens a hundred years ago, to the broad suggestions of a Brabazon of to-day. There are many notable works among the two hundred that are exhibited, and of these I may specify "Scarborough," by Copley Fielding; "The Simplon Pass," by J. W. M. Turner; "On the Llugwy at Capel Curig," by J. Jackson Curnock, which was greatly admired by Ruskin; the celebrated work, "The Harbour of Refuge," by Fred Walker; and "The Rainbow," by J. W. Hunt, in which the evanescent tints are realised with more delicacy and success than usual. Many other famous artists of the past are represented, and there are also works by living men in the same Gallery.

SOME LANDSCAPES AT THE DUDLEY.

The Dudley Gallery has a six-men show, groups of landscapes being contributed by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, whose "Hill Farm—Provence" commends itself as particularly delicate and sunny; Mr. R. W. Allan, who deserves special praise for his bold seascape, with fishing-boats "Making for Home"; Mr. J. Aumonier, who, among other pleasant scenes, shows "A Sussex Common," with a particularly effective sunset; Mr. Leslie Thomson, who agreeably depicts white sails telling against blue-grey sky and water, with the title "Fambridge—Calm"; and Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, whose generally broad representations of Nature seemed to suffer by the absence of delicacy in the colouring—though this apparent defect may have resulted from the unhappy combination of gas and electric light, under whose influence I was fated to examine the pictures. It did not, however, in the same degree affect Mr. J. S. Hill's representations of flowers, nor his admirable landscape, "Ploughing."

SOCIETY OF OIL-PAINTERS.

The present show of the Society of Oil-Painters is very attractive. Landscapes predominate, but no one will complain, for it is in this direction that English artists are generally most successful. Not that foreign painters are entirely absent, for we find a fanciful and original representation of moonlight by M. Fantin-Latour—an allegory of "La Nuit." Other pictures of the less conventional kind that may be also noted are Mr. Arthur Hacker's "The Pool," which is interesting on account of its novel treatment of the nude, though the colour-scheme is not altogether satisfactory; Mr. Byam Shaw's "The Kelpie," a singularly weird arrangement, in which the Kelpie is represented as a mysterious moonlit figure; and M. Gabriel Nicolet's "The Ghost," which, disconnected from its title, gives one the idea of a sympathetically painted, low-toned portrait, for surely ghosts do not, as a rule, appear with such healthy colouring in their faces as distinguishes the present one.

NEW GALLERY.

There are few artists who could bear the test of a "one-man-show" on so extensive a scale as the exhibition of Sir W. B. Richmond's works, which forms the winter attraction of the New Gallery. The artist is so versatile that he can scarcely be said to repeat himself at all in the five hundred pictures here collected. One is, in fact, astonished at the great variety they show, from fascinating little impressions of landscape, frankly and boldly recorded, to carefully thought-out decorative compositions, in which all the details have a bearing on each other and the pattern is worked out with mathematical precision. Midway between these diversified manifestations we find a grand collection of portraits which has its value as a record of distinguished men and women of the time, apart from the consummate manner in which the works are treated. Sir W. Richmond's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted in 1882, will rank as a historic picture, and has qualities by which it would hold its own with any other of the numerous portraits of the statesman, for it is no mere common likeness, but a representation of the intellectual and idealistic character of the man—a character, perhaps, as one reflects on looking at this picture, for which a political environment was not the most suitable. Grand also in its way is the portrait of "Charles Darwin" in his crimson robes. Another group of portraits of singular interest is formed by the representations of "William Holman Hunt," "Robert Browning," and "William Morris." The representations of women are exceptionally charming. There are the brilliant and dainty "Miss Muriel Wilson," the delightfully naïve "Miss Margaret Burne-Jones," and "Miss Gertrude Lewis," whose tender-grey gown combines with the atmospheric landscape to produce an unusually delicate harmony.

ARTISTS AT HOME: GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

THE art of the sculptor has been, from time immemorial, associated with hero-worship, and those who attain greatness in its cultivation have, in all ages, been called to higher service than merely that of pleasing the eye of the multitude. The days when the Hero was a Divinity are long since past and gone. In these modern times, with a keen analytical spirit rife, our young people are all too prone to search for base motives—to be "writ in brass"—rather than seek for noble ideals, till one is apt to forget sometimes that such a thing as a truly great man can possibly exist.

But, happily, the capacity for discovering the Hero is not quite dead within us. Our pulses, irresponsive as many of them are, alas! can still thrill sometimes in the presence of mighty deeds; our finer senses are awakened, and we feel that the life-work of this or that man—or woman—has been such that honour must be accorded; that it is for us to raise some landmark at which future generations may be induced to pause and ask "What was done here?" Poet, painter, historian, and novelist have all striven to

while in many an unexpected corner there is ample evidence that the owner delights to surround himself with beauty. Some conception of this may be gathered from my second photograph, where, as will be seen, one of the newel-posts of the steps leading down from the drawing-room supports a fine bust of Dante, while above, on the corner of the low roof, stands a bronze equestrian statue.

Both studios—for there are two—indicate pretty plainly that this artist must be gifted with an exceptional capacity for work, for on every hand one sees commissions completed, in course of execution, and about to be commenced. One of the most interesting when the accompanying photos were secured was a statue of the Queen at the time of her accession, destined to grace a niche in a school in Yorkshire, and ready assent was accorded in response to my request for permission to take the "snap" which appears here.

Resting on a chair in the last photo, from the other studio, is an illustration of a bronze statue of Her Majesty, which now finds a resting-place in Calcutta. Standing at the side is a sketch-model in plaster of a colossal bronze statue of Mr. William Rathbone, to be erected in Liverpool this year; while on the walls and about everywhere are originals and reproductions of



MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

honour the Hero, but the most lasting records of all have been and are those which come from the hands of the sculptor. When poems perish, canvas rots, histories are forgotten, and romances are thrown aside, the work of the sculptor will be with us still, defying the ravages of time. It is, therefore, to him that we go when we desire that the tangible expression of our admiration for those

many a dignified conception and dainty conceit due to the genius of the owner of the studio.

To give a complete list of all Mr. Frampton's important works would occupy greater space than is at my disposal here; but I may, in conclusion, just mention the figures on St. Mary's spire, Oxford; in William of Wykeham's shrine, Winchester; the figure of Christ in the gateway of All Souls, Oxford; "The Virgin and Child," New College, Oxford; posthumous portraits in bronze of Charles Keene and Leigh Hunt, Shepherd's Bush Free Library; bronze memorial tablet to Bishop Mackarness, Christ Church, Oxford; coloured sculpture in the reredos, Manchester Cathedral; the colossal bronze group of St. Mungo, with figures on each side emblematical of "Literature," "Art,"

and "Music," in the New Art Gallery, Glasgow; and the three large spandrels in the entrance to the same building. E. D. B.



STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM.

whom we delight to honour shall be as imperishable as human ingenuity can make it. Masterpieces of the pen and brush must, from their very nature, appeal to but a comparatively limited audience, but the bust or the statue may stand in the market-place, to be seen of all who pass by.

Few men have done so much to raise the standard of British sculpture as has Mr. George Frampton, a "born artist" in every sense of the word, whose work is characterised by far rarer and finer qualities than mere academic, anatomical accuracy. That he should permit me to exercise my camera at will in his house and studios was a privilege which, I need hardly say, was keenly appreciated, and my only regret is that it is quite impossible for me to convey any idea of the rare hospitality enjoyed there in the genial presence of the Master.

A glance at Mr. Frampton's house in Queen's Road, N.W., and the veriest stranger sees at once that whosoever may reside there is an artist to the finger-tips. In the simple stonework on each side of the porch are panelled bronze bas-reliefs of exceptional delicacy and charm,



STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT THE TIME OF HER ACCESSION.



ONE OF THE STUDIOS.

Lord Frederick Temple Blackwood, fourth son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who was wounded in one of the encounters with the Boer guerillas on Christmas Eve, has been connected with the 9th Lancers since 1897. He has been almost incessantly in the field since the commencement of the War in South Africa, and he passed unscathed through the actions at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. The wounded officer, who is in his twenty-sixth year, is equally a favourite with his military comrades and at Clondeboye, his father's country seat.

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS THE DUKE OF ST. ASAPH.



MISS FAY DAVIS AS THE DUCHESS OF ST. ASAPH.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS MRS. TOMMIE BISTERN.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS LORD APPLEFORD, F.S.A.

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Miss Amabel East (Miss Julie Opp). Lord Appleford (Mr. H. B. Irving). Duke of St. Asaph (Mr. George Alexander). Mrs. Wuthering (Miss Granville). Duchess of St. Asaph (Miss Fay Davis).

THE DUKE: "THERE WERE ONCE TWO OBSTINATE PEOPLE."



Mrs. Wuthering (Miss Granville).

Mrs. Lupton Milles (Miss Talbot).

Mrs. Lynton (Miss Henrietta Cowen).

Mrs. Tommie Bistern (Miss Margaret Halstan).

MRS. WUTHERING, AT THE RISK OF SHOCKING HER SISTER MATRONS, ENJOYS A CIGARETTE.

THE NOVEL FEATURES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

WHEN the great Pan-American Exposition opens in Buffalo next May, there will be a "Mile of Midway," occupying a conspicuous and excellent position of the grounds. The

COST WILL BE ABOUT £600,000,

nearly one-third of the gross amount to be expended upon all the rest of the buildings and grounds of the Exposition, and more than the total cost of some former Expositions.

The Director of Concessions is Mr. F. W. Taylor, and he reached the conclusion several months ago that the twenty-one acres of surface set aside for amusement features was too small to accommodate the many attractions seeking locations. Fifteen hundred applications for amusement privileges were received. Fifty of the number were approved, and the others were rejected. The persons who had filed their applications were given to understand that their requests had been rejected because the attractions offered had been found wanting in novelty when measured by the exacting standard adopted by the Concessions Department. Profiting by experience with previous Expositions, the Director determined to

MAINTAIN A HIGH-GRADE "MIDWAY,"

admitting no show or entertainment unless its promoters were prepared to furnish satisfactory assurance of ability to provide a feature superior to anything of a similar nature previously attempted and possessing individual excellence distinguishing it from the other "Midway" attractions of which similar requirements were exacted.

Each application submitted was subjected to careful scrutiny. Each applicant was obliged to furnish references as to his integrity and experience, and no application received even preliminary encouragement until the Concessions Department was satisfied that it rested on sound financial backing.

One of the striking exhibitions will be

AN INDIAN CONGRESS.

An immense tract of land has been set aside for this feature. The entrepreneurs will invest, it is stated, quite £16,000. They will visit every Indian Reservation west of the Mississippi to "round up" their Red-men and collect material for the Congress. The spectacular features will include sham battles between the Braves and Regulars, and the uncanny feasts and weird dances of the Redskins.

Frederick Thompson, designer of

THE "TRIP TO THE MOON,"

holds the concession for that interesting novelty. Patrons will enjoy the strange experience of riding in the air-ship "Luna" from the earth to the moon, passing countless thousands of "stars" and glittering constellations, shooting by comets, skimming cream from the Milky Way, and landing at last at the very gateway of the citadel of His Excellency "The Man in the Moon." The workmen engaged in the construction of Mr. Thompson's buildings guard the operations with jealous secrecy. They saw and hammer away behind locked doors, and are seriously pledged to reveal to no one the doings within the walls of the imposing edifice.

Mr. McGarvie, Concessionaire of "The Streets of Mexico," enjoys the distinction of having received the official endorsement of the Mexican Government for his concession, and assurances from its officials that they will render him valuable assistance.

A TYPICAL MEXICAN VILLAGE

will be reproduced, with its picturesque dwellings, its quaint, old-fashioned shops, its magnificent cathedral, its market-place, its drinking-fountain, its flower plaza, its dance-hall, its bull-ring, and its many cafés. In this village Mexicans will be seen at their daily occupations and amusements. Mexican workmen have been engaged for several weeks in making adobe bricks, out of which the walls of the buildings will be fashioned.

DANTE'S "INFERNO"

will be drawn upon in the construction of "Darkness and Dawn," which, it is said, will be a realistic and presumably authoritative reproduction of Heaven and Hell.

Another "Midway" attraction will be a reproduction of

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

before the great Civil War. This will show a typical antebellum Southern homestead, the colonial mansion in the centre of broad, fertile acres, its cotton-fields, its negro cabins, chapel, and other local details.

A gentleman who has the "Beautiful Orient" concession is now travelling in Algiers and Tunis, gathering characteristic appointments for his exhibit, which, it is promised, will be a

COMPLETE PICTURE OF ORIENTAL LIFE,

without the vulgarity and coarseness that characterised similar displays at the Chicago "Midway" Plaisance.

There will be a host of other interesting features, including a vast animal-show,

FIFTY LIONS IN ONE CAGE,

and such picturesque novelties as "Old Nuremberg," a real African Village, a Japanese tea-garden with genuine Geishas, a '49 Californian mining-camp, a panoramic presentation of the disastrous Johnstown flood, a captive balloon, steeplechases, scenic railways, old mill-streams, Florida everglades, ostrich-farms, and many other minor exhibits that need not be mentioned here.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Pension List of the Society of Authors starts with an investment of over £1250, and with a promised subscription to begin with of more than £100. Two-thirds of the annual subscriptions are to be transferred to capital, and the present income available for pensions is about £54. The largest contributor is Mr. Anthony Hope, with £200. Sir Walter Besant subscribes £100, with five guineas of an annual subscription. Among the subscribers of £100 are Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Kipling's lawsuit against the American publishers will be finally tried in February. In the meantime, a deposition made by him before a London notary has been received in America. It is voluminous, and is said to contain startling statements concerning American publishers, and facts relating to the editing and re-arrangement of the Kipling stories. Meantime, he has lost his trade-mark action in New York.

The D. Appleton Company, of New York City, with a capital of three million dollars, has been incorporated, and it is confidently hoped that, under new arrangements, the stability and progress of this old and excellent house are assured.

Sir Walter Besant has returned to the subject of books and reviews. He considers that only good books should be noticed. "The review of a book must become a distinction and a recognition." As regards the books to be selected, there are not more published every year than would, if a selection were made, be enough to fill all the columns of a literary paper. In the matter of novels alone, two might be selected every week, as was formerly the wholesome and intelligent practice of the *Saturday Review*. Sir Walter is strongly opposed to brief notices, and complains that in a certain important literary journal, some few weeks ago, a novel by George Meredith was actually reviewed in a vague little paragraph between two novels by a couple of schoolgirls.

It is obvious that to review only the books published by well-known authors would be alike unjust and dangerous, though there are temptations to this. Even in the multitude of critics, every year two or three good books by new authors are allowed to pass without recognition. Some months ago, I picked up from a pile of books a volume called "Idlehurst," which had been published two years before. I had never heard either of it or the author, but began to read, and had not gone through many pages without discovering that here was a piece of gold among the silver and the bronze coins. The book should have made, and it will yet make, a literary reputation for the author. But no man seemed to recognise it when it appeared, except one discerning reviewer in a daily paper. It is simply the most beautiful book about country life that has been published for years and years.

It is announced that, under a special agreement, Mark Twain will henceforth write exclusively for the reorganised house of Harper and Brothers. Mr. W. D. Howells is bound in the same manner, and, furthermore, serves the house regularly as literary adviser-in-chief. In these days of young men, it is noticeable that veterans like Mr. Howells and Mr. Scudder still take a leading part in the direction of literary affairs.

A Stirling publisher, Mr. Eneas Mackay, has published in volume form a series of criticisms dealing with Mr. Henley's essay on Burns. The volume is entitled "Henley and Burns; or, The Critic Censured." It may very well be doubted whether it was worth while to collect these articles.

A brightly written and competent survey of Earl Roberts' career as a soldier in peace and war has been written by Captain W. E. Cairnes. As is pretty well known, Captain Cairnes is the author of "An Absent-Minded War," and also of the able contributions on the South African War which have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. He is a son of the late Professor Cairnes, the eminent political economist. This book has evidently been got up in some haste, as there is no Table of Contents and no Index; but it is written with a clear eye on the military facts, and deals in a very suggestive way with the problems Earl Roberts has had to deal with and the manner in which he has solved them. The book is mainly taken up with the Field-Marshal's command in India, but not very much is said of his work in South Africa. Captain Cairnes says that, when Earl Roberts came home from India, the idea somehow became accepted that his time was now over for any further active exercise of his profession on the expiration of his command in Ireland. "So much was this the case that he was not given a command in the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres, nor was he even invited to attend them as a spectator, though his keenness was so great that he did actually come over from Ireland to look on as an entirely unofficial and private visitor." It was little imagined how his country would come to need him, and how nobly he would repay her trust! Captain Cairnes says that throughout the South African campaign Roberts' strategy has proved to be well conceived, and that his tactical conceptions were equally based on a sound judgment of the situation, and would have had even better results but for errors in their execution, owing to the various misunderstandings and accidents inseparable from war. Thus, at Driefontein, with better luck, both Kruger and Steyn might have been captured, and the War brought to an end there and then; and at Diamond Hill, after Pretoria had been entered and the first movement to the East had commenced, again the luck of the fighting favoured our foes.

O. O.

"WELCOME, NEW CENTURY!"



GUY'S HOSPITAL: STEPHENS WARD, WITH NEW YEAR DECORATIONS.

Ah, little sufferer, waiting so patiently
Till the warm summer sun turns the skies blue,
Here is a visitor, Mr. New Century,
Bowing and smiling with Something for you!
Stretch out your hands to him, thin little hands to him;
Fondle him, welcome him; ask him to send
Health to you, strength to you, hope to you, love to you!
Don't be afraid of him: he is your Friend.

Sister in sympathy, angel of charity,
Fighting the fight with a heart that is true,
Surely this visitor, Mr. New Century,
Cannot have come without Something for you!

Nay! He shall show you the path unto victory,
Strengthen and comfort you unto the end:
Welcome him, sister, this happy New Century,
Welcome him gladly, for he is your Friend.

Ah, kindly listener, bear with me patiently:
Much has been done, but there's still more to do;
Does not this visitor, Mr. New Century,
Bring in his wallet a message for you?
Yours is the sunny path: you have prosperity,
Luxury, happiness; but, at the end,
Let us speak well of you: let us say this of you,
"May he rest lightly, the sufferer's Friend!"

KEBLE HOWARD.



MARION WARD, HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY VALENTINE DAY, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.

TALKING TO MARS.

MARS just now is looming very large in the public eye. Not that the man in the underground train or on the omnibus who talks most intimately of the inhabitants of Mars and all about them, as though he were on visiting terms with our neighbouring world, has ever seen the red planet, or would know in what direction to look for it in the skies, or would recognise it if it were shown to him

in a telescope—that last would, indeed, be a crowning disappointment!—but he has “views” of his own, and, with the fertile supply of information provided for his benefit in the daily newspapers, he has good reason to consider himself quite at home on the subject. For never has there been a time when Mars has been so much on the board, or its inhabitants so courteously, so pressing disposed towards us.

Only a week or so ago, there was M. Wilfred de Fouvielle, “the well-known French astronomer,” says the *Matin*—I raise my hat to him—who, on the basis of some observations by Mr. Douglas, of the Harvard Observatory, Arizona, told a world with its mouth all agape that gigantic fires were being burnt on Mars as signals to earthly astronomers. A few days after comes along Mr. Tesla, of America, who promptly



MR. NIKOLA TESLA,
THE AMERICAN ASTRONOMER WHO BELIEVES
HE HAS SEEN SIGNALS FROM THE MARTIANS
FROM THE COLORADO PEAKS.

Photo by Barraults, Oxford Street, W.

goes one better, and, if we are to believe the New York telegrams, has been actually recording electric oscillations from the Martians on his instruments on the Colorado peaks—taking a kind of “wireless wire” communication from them, in fact. “Three distinct, though faint, movements one after another; these were observed, not once, but many times. I am confident that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to signal to this earth,” says Mr. Tesla.

Mars would be an interesting globe in any circumstances, but it is its population which particularly enthralls us. If a worldly godfather is to be found for the Martians, undoubtedly it is Schiaparelli, a worthy and devout man of science who may be absolved of all charges of sensationalism, and has probably been horribly shocked at the excesses to which his first discoveries have led. In the clear air of Milan, observing with a telescope of no great power, he detected those curious, faint, narrow lines, running in a straight direction across what appear to be continents, that are now accepted as a characteristic feature of the landscape of Mars. He called them *chaneil*. Happy name! It was so easily translated into “canal,” and canals they ever since have been. No matter that they stretched some fifty miles across and many hundreds of miles in length. We do not know what the powers of the Martians may be, and, accepting their world as being at a more advanced stage than our own, it was but justifiable to conclude that the more highly developed intellects of its inhabitants would enable them to construct trenches compared with which the Panama Canal would be a mere isthmian ditch. Proctor it was who came forward with the suggestion that the canals pointed to the probability of life existing on Mars—a theory carried out charmingly in “A Message from Mars.”

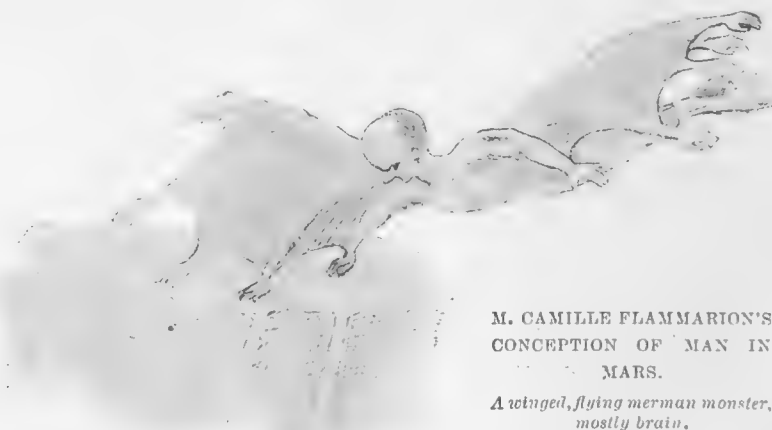
Since then things have progressed. A utilitarian reason for the construction of this vast system of waterworks was not far to seek. Mars, unlike our earth, is a globe in which some four-fifths of the surface appear to be land, and water is consequently very scarce. There are large accretions of snow or ice at the Poles, which melt as the Martian summer

many people, until someone dropped on the happy idea that the water-course might be only a gentle trickle, after all, and that the broad line we see was the irrigated land on either bank on which vegetation flourished. In these few lines, faintly detected in a few of the world’s most powerful telescopes, yet entirely invisible to many of the most competent observers, and exaggerated in character, it is to be feared, by observers, like Mr. Lowell in the accompanying maps, who set out to find them, and in the deductions to be drawn from their existence, is the sole evidence we have that life exists on Mars.

So far, a plausible case has been made out. What has followed is merely a romp of the imagination. At the favourable opposition of Mars in 1892, M. Camille Flammarion, most romantic of French astronomers, whose brain seemed a bit confused by early recollections of Euclid and geometry, gave to the world the astounding theory that the lines of the canals showed an ordered geometrical plan, and that what the Martians had been doing was to lay out on the face of their world a problem of geometry which they asked us to solve—or, at any rate, accept as evidence that they were very much alive up there. It was not universally adopted, but it served for a season which had no sea-serpent.

M. Wilfred de Fouvielle’s lights, called by him bonfires, have been by others ascribed, with much more likelihood, to the play of sunlight on Martian clouds. Not long ago, the Rev. Mr. Haweis made the luminous proposal that, if the authorities all over London would agree to raise and lower the public lights simultaneously throughout their districts for a night or two, these flashes would inform any Martians on the look-out that there were intelligent people down here. If all London could be set ablaze, so that at one moment, north, south, east, and west, it formed one huge roaring cauldron of fire, there might be sufficient light created to show in Mars as a little, tiny, star-like point—but even that is uncertain. Distances are a little deceptive. We shall, at the next favourable opposition of Mars, in 1907, approach within a distance of thirty-six million miles, and just now very many millions of miles more separate the two worlds.

As though bonfires, night-lights, problems in geometry, and electric messages were not enough attention for one planet to pay to the



M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION’S
CONCEPTION OF MAN IN
MARS.

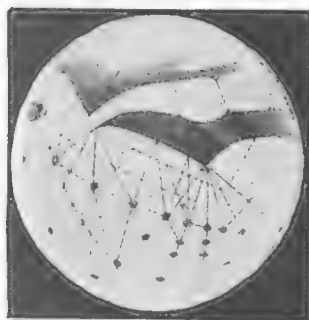
A winged, flying merman monster,
mostly brain.

inhabitants of another and, so far, unresponsive world, there fell—also in America—a little while ago what we were asked to accept as a material message from Mars. It came to earth in the form of an aërolite, dropped conveniently in the back-garden of Professor Jeremiah Macdonald, at Binghampton, New York, and, when broken open, disclosed a curious writing. It was early that morning that Mr. Macdonald returned home. He had been, I think the New York reporters said, to a social gathering. This was excruciating enough; but Mr. Tesla is a serious person, and his name should carry weight, unless, as we may shrewdly suspect, our brothers overseas have been taking undue familiarities with it.

What really is distressing is the dense ignorance of our English scientists with regard to these Martians. Mr. W. H. Christie, the Astronomer-Royal, has been interviewed amid the grim majesty of his Greenwich surroundings, and makes the deplorable confession that he does not know anything about them: for his own part, he is not even on speaking terms with them. The Solar Physics gentlemen at South Kensington are in the same parlous condition. They know nothing, and think that these colossal manifestations of the giant intellects reigning in another planet, their love of writing problems of Euclid, like overgrown schoolboys, all over the face of their world, their big bonfires, and the like, may be expounded on far simpler lines. It needs a big country like America—the country of Mr. Barnum—and a proportionately big imagination, to grapple with the stupendous achievements going on these few millions of miles away from us. Hence, all the best news from Mars invariably comes through America.

As, however, the great luminaries of English astronomy are unable to enlighten us on the subject, I venture, as a patriotic duty, to expound a theory of home-manufacture. My theory is that the messages from Mars are not meant for us at all, that what really the Martians are doing is to communicate with Venus. It is for “the eternal feminine”—for the Venusians, that they are playing these games, and it is only our insular pride among the worlds, our way of thinking ourselves all-important, that leads us to assume that these little attentions must necessarily be meant for ourselves. On this theory, Mr. Tesla has no right to tamper with the “wireless wires” from Mars at all, and, if there is a Postmaster-General in that planet, it is a worldly duty to communicate with him at once and tell him what Mr. Tesla is doing.

W. G. P.



Seven Canals diverge from Sinus Titanum.
Eumæides Oreus threads Nine Oases.



Among Double Canals are Euphrates (nearly
vertical), and Asopos perpendicular to it.

THE PLANET MARS.

Copied by permission of Messrs Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., the London Publishers
of Professor Todd’s “New Astronomy.”

advances. What, then, could be more natural than that highly gifted beings should construct drains for carrying off these liberated waters and spreading them over the land where moisture was so much needed? Still, the vastness of these creations stuck in the intellectual gizzard of

MORE STARS IN THE FAIRY FIRMAMENT OF PANTOMIME.



MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR,
At the Grand Theatre, Islington.
Photo by the Adams Studio, Market Street, S.E.



MISS FLORRIE SHAW,
At the Royal West London Theatre.
Photo by Sharples, Blackburn.



MISS RITA PRESANO,
At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
Photo by Cork and Scott, Bradford.



MISS MINNIE JEFFS.
Principal Boy at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS HARRIETT VERNON,
At the Dalston Theatre.
Photo by Bellair's, Princes Street, Edinburgh.



MISS EMMELINE ORFORD,
At the County Theatre, Kingston.
Photo by Morel, Nottingham.



MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN,
At the Grand Theatre, Woolwich.
Photo by the Taber Bas-Relief Studios, New Bond Street, W.



MISS ROSIE LLOYD,
At the Crown Theatre, Peckham.
Photo by Norman and Burnicle, Newport, Mon.



MISS LILY MORRIS,
At the Kennington Theatre.
Photo by the Studio Karoly, Nottingham.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK,
PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF REAR-ADMIRAL, ALSO PERSONAL AIDE-DE-CAMP TO HER MAJESTY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

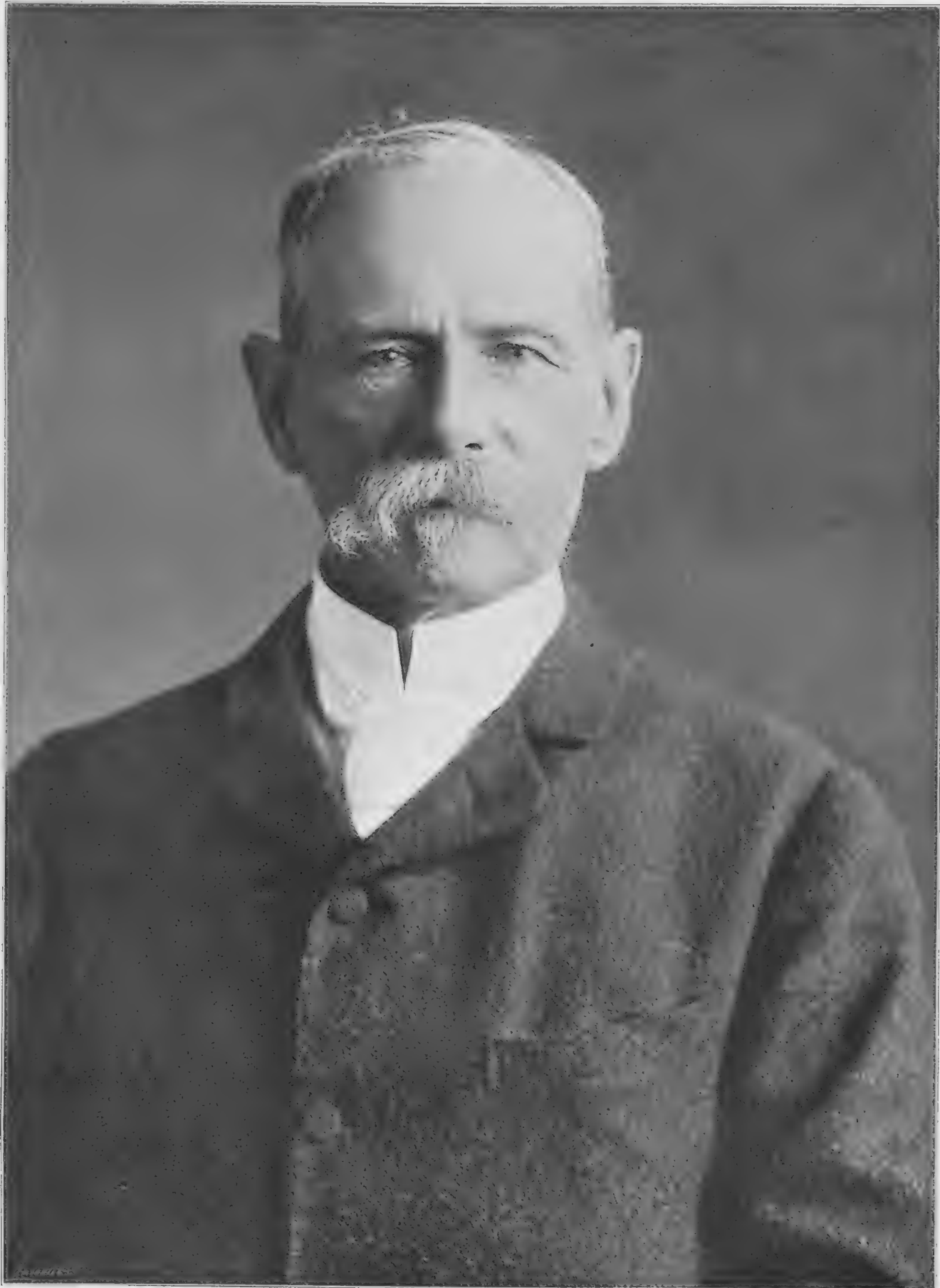
LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

The subject of outposts was in some instances not pursued with the thoroughness such an important matter demanded. It struck me on

inclined me to the belief that that arm, not being sufficiently understood, was often unfairly treated in the matter of outposts. Whereas during the daytime the Mounted Infantry were practically endeavouring to do all the duties of cavalry, after dark they were treated purely as infantry when outposts were required of them. It seems to me that Mounted Infantry, when acting as cavalry, should be treated in all respects like cavalry, and not be called upon to furnish outposts by night, except, of course, when no infantry is available. The fact that the Mounted Infantryman, like the cavalryman, has to attend to his horse after the



WELCOME HOME! OUR NEW SOLDIER-EARL GETS INTO MUFTI AT LAST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF EARL ROBERTS, V.C., BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

several occasions that, had the Boers adopted offensive tactics by night, we might have had to deplore even more serious losses than has already been the case.

My experience was chiefly confined to Mounted Infantry, and it

day's work, and that, when a certain number of men are detached, dismounted, as outposts, the care of their horses devolves upon others, at times to the detriment of the horses, was, I have reason to believe, occasionally overlooked.

Again, the interference of leaders with subordinate commands was painfully evident in many instances. The only practical method of disposing of your outposts is as follows: The leader, having decided what front he intends to occupy with his outposts, tells off one or two battalions, according to the strength of his force, the length of front, and the nature of the ground to be occupied, giving each battalion its section. The Battalion Commanders then make their own arrangements accordingly, disposing of their commands in the line of outposts, with their own supports and reserves, reporting their dispositions to the leader by sketch. The responsibility for the connection with the sections on right and left by patrols, for the alertness of sentries, &c., rests then entirely with the Battalion Commander and his subordinates. Patrols towards the enemy would be found by the reserves of each section of outposts. By this method, responsibility, supported by authority, fosters self-reliance in subordinate commanders. These, again, should instruct their men, so that each sentry knows the latest news of the enemy, the number of his post, the exact position of other posts in the chain of outposts, and his commander's plans in case of attack.

How differently and thoroughly unpractically outpost schemes were occasionally carried out the following instance will show.

A somewhat attenuated brigade of Mounted Infantry, forming part of a larger force, camped under shell-fire behind a high, rocky ridge towards evening. One regiment of this brigade, reduced to three weak companies, was called upon to furnish outposts (dismounted) for the night. The Brigade-Major brought orders from the Brigadier to the effect that he wanted one officer and twenty men here, the same number there, several Cossack posts at different places, all of which he pointed out from the highest point of the ridge. The two larger parties were in echelon in front of the centre of the bivouac and within three hundred yards of open country of each other. When the number of men on outposts was totalled up, the Major found that only a handful of men remained as support, a fact that had long before become evident to the Company Officers, who were anxious about the care of the horses of the men on outposts. The numbers of some of the pickets were reduced to increase the strength of the supports, but the serious fault remained that no one was made responsible for visiting the sentries during the night, the responsibility resting, one would suppose, with the officer who posted them, namely, the Brigade-Major. However, our usual good luck prevailed. Another point that struck me much was that the detachments guarding lines of communication, railways, &c., stuck too closely to the line, leaving surrounding heights, often within range of field-guns, even rifle-fire, unguarded, from which heights traffic could be seriously interfered with—and was too, for the matter of that, notably in the case of the kopje to the east of the line at Honingspruit, behind which De Wet could assemble his followers in safety and make his descents on the railway.

Our Artillery has caused much comment, chiefly of a purely technical nature. It is not within my province to discuss that point of view. Unstinted praise is due to the officers and men of that arm for the service they have rendered their country in this struggle. Our Artillery officers are really serious soldiers, who make a study, not a pastime, of their profession, and proudly hold their own with their brothers-in-arms of other nations. This applies equally to the men. Their knowledge and understanding of their work, their steadiness under fire, and their discipline on all occasions, entitle them to hold the highest place among the disciplined fighting forces of the world.

Equally praiseworthy was the admirable work unostentatiously performed by the Corps of Royal Engineers, for whose officers it were hard to find a match among the highly trained, scientific Armies of the Continent.

Drawing comparisons, a marked falling-off was noticeable in the large and variegated body of Staff Officers, in many cases chosen very short of what one is led to expect in the "Brains of the Army." No doubt, this is due to insufficient training. But where, in some instances, is the courtesy that characterises the British officer? No doubt, a

Railway Staff Officer is a much-plagued individual, but that does not excuse marked discourtesy even to his juniors in rank.

Whatever the reason may be, whether *gaucherie* or an indifferent bringing-up, the fact remains that many young officers fail signally in the usual courtesy to those who are older and probably a good deal wiser. It looks bad to see young subalterns passing war-worn field-officers in the street without showing the least respect to men who have served their country in many climes when the subalterns in question were still liable to be birched.

Such behaviour cannot fail to have a bad effect on the discipline of the men. There are notable exceptions. The hard-worked "R.S.O." of Ladysmith, the polished Brigade-Major of the Drakensberg Defence Force, and many other "brass hats," are splendid specimens of that most finished article, the English gentleman, and there again the officers of the Royal Artillery gallantly hold their own.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

HERE are two handsome, well-written, well-illustrated, well-printed volumes, devoted for the most part to frank, sometimes just a trifle garrulous, laudation of the "Good Old Days"—in which, by the way, most of us are so glad we did not live. However, it is pleasant enough, be it said, to live in them for a short while in the pages of Mr. Harper's book, "The Great North Road" (Chapman and Hall).

Mr. Harper, as those who have read his former works are aware, has constituted himself the historian of our great highways. He has already published the story of the "Dover Road" and of other "Roads." Now he presents us with an account of the past glory and romance of the Great North Road, together with some observations on its present-day aspects. As is natural from the length, and importance in more respects than one, of what might be styled this international thoroughfare—the main avenue, aforesaid, of communication between the capitals of England and Scotland—there is a good deal to be said about it. Thus, the Great North



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE GREAT NORTH ROAD": MAIL-COACH LEAVING THE OLD LONDON POST OFFICE.

Copied by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Road affords our author more material than the others which preceded it. Considered as a subject, it is difficult to imagine one more interesting, and Mr. Harper's book, taken as a whole, does not fall below the realisation of this conception.

Mr. Harper starts on his journey from London, and works his way northwards. He gives us capital pictures (both pen and pencil) of the coaching days—the coaches themselves, their drivers, and the inns to and from which they went. He describes the downfall of that autocrat, the old stage-coachman, done to death by the railways—

Gone by now was his lordly importance. He was not even a guard, and frequently was reduced to putting in the horses himself. He grew slovenly, and was maudlin in his drink. "Tips" were seldom bestowed upon him, and when he received an infrequent sixpenny-piece he was known to burst into tears. The familiar figure of Belisarius begging an obolus is scarce more painful. The last of him was generally in the driving of an omnibus between the railway-station and the hotel: a misanthropic figure, consistently disregarded by his passengers, lingering, resolutely old-fashioned in dress, and none too civil, superfluous on the stage.

As he proceeds on his way, Mr. Harper lays under contribution municipal records, the Criminal Calendar (what would the story of the Great North be without its highwaymen?), local legends, tavern-bills, Washington Irving, Walter Scott, poets, novelists, and historians. Of course, he meets with Dick Turpin, who was but a common thief—he never rode to York—and with a more enterprising Knight of the Road in a certain Nevison, who really did ride to York. Nor does he forget to fall in with Dick Whittington and the ever-famous cat.

To conclude, Mr. Harper has evidently spent much loving labour on the compilation of his chronicle, and one hopes the book will obtain the recognition which it undoubtedly deserves. There are numerous illustrations, and most of them are excellent.

MR PUNCH : HIS CARTOONIST-IN-CHIEF.

Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne, who has been given the Pencil which the Veteran Sir John Tenniel recently replaced on "Punch's" Table.

UNIQUE in the world is the position of Mr. Punch's chief cartoonist, in Mr. Linley Sambourne's appointment, by which Time, the greatest combatant in the world, has given the lie direct to the famous proverb, "It is the unexpected which happens."

Everyone felt that the man for the premier position was he who had

SO LONG AND SO WORTHILY FILLED THE SECOND PLACE, with a fund of humour, with an imagination Dorian in its fecundity, and with a skill in draughtsmanship not excelled by any of his accomplished brethren in black-and-white.

To readers of *The Sketch* in particular, Mr. Sambourne's name must be doubly familiar as a household word, for they have seen his work week by week, since the publication of the paper, in the beautiful design which graces the cover.

That design furnishes the keynote to Mr. Sambourne's work, which in many respects differs from that of other artists. Nature in her purest form is his inspiration and his mistress, and he always draws his figures

considerably enlarged, in order that he may favourably represent Mr. Sambourne's views of the typical Englishman with whom it was his happy good-fortune last week to begin the series of the chief cartoons which it is to be hoped he will long continue to furnish.

THIS CARTOON REPRESENTS 'TWO DAYS' HARD LABOUR,

using the term in its most judicial sense, for it practically imprisons the artist in the house. He works on Thursday and Friday from breakfast to luncheon-time, which means a stop for considerably less than ten minutes; and then he works on until tea-time, when he pauses only so long as is necessary to drink the cup of tea which is placed at his side, when he resumes his tools and goes on until ten o'clock, at which time he dines, if one ought not to say sups. For the cartoon, he makes two or three rough sketches before he definitely decides on the design, and in these sketches he considers carefully the dramatic significance of portions of his figure, as is instanced by the fact that, in the John Bull of his (the vigorous Kitchener) first cartoon, he debated for some time whether the hand should be up or down.

If there is one thing which may be said to interest Mr. Sambourne

NEARLY AS MUCH AS HIS WORK, IT IS SHOOTING,

which he finds gives him fresh vigour and sets him up most wonderfully when he has been working very hard. How devoted he is to this



MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR JOHN TENNIEL AS CARTOONIST FOR "PUNCH": THE ARTIST AT WORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

and then clothes and drapes them, instead of drawing the draped figure just as it would appear were he to have a model pose for him in the necessary costume.

In certain respects, Mr. Sambourne's method offers a most vivid contrast to Sir John Tenniel's. Sir John always worked direct with a pencil on to the block, while Mr. Sambourne always draws with pen-and-ink on a sheet of cardboard. Sir John always drew his figures without a model, while Mr. Sambourne never draws a figure without a model. Like his colleague, the late George Du Maurier, whose women, it was always said, were preternaturally tall,

MR. SAMBOURNE ALWAYS HAS VERY TALL WOMEN FOR HIS MODELS, as his aim is to go back to the ancient Greek ideal—a curious thing, when one comes to think of it, for one of the most up-to-date of artists.

Were one to seek his ideal of beauty from his drawing, it would most likely be found in his presentation of Britannia, for whom no one woman sits, as her face and form are made up of the best portions of three or four models, each of them supplying only something to the representation of the figure.

Apropos of his models, it is by no means known that he always has

THE SAME MAN TO POSE FOR JOHN BULL.

The representative of the country was once one of the guardians of its laws, but has now retired to enjoy his ease. Pleasant-featured and full-bodied though he is, he, nevertheless, has to have his natural proportions

sport the following circumstances will show more vividly than almost anything which could be told of him. He was invited recently to Dumfries to shoot. He left London on the Monday morning and travelled all day, reaching his destination only in time for dinner that night. He shot all day Tuesday, and, as it was his great desire to be present at the *Punch* Dinner on the Wednesday, for it was then believed that it would be the last at which Sir John Tenniel would be present, he left early in the morning, travelled all day, and reached London in time to foregather with trusty Editor, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and his fellow members of the staff around the famous table and drink the health of

"JACKIDES," AS SIR JOHN TENNIEL WAS CALLED

by those of the *Punch* staff whose privilege it has been to work with him. Dinner over, Mr. Sambourne caught the night-train to Dumfries, merely for the purpose of getting one more day's shooting, for, after travelling down on the Wednesday night, he travelled back again to London on Thursday night, so that he might be able to do his work for *Punch* on Friday.

In following Sir John, Mr. Sambourne has exhibited a curious anxiety that his work may not fall below the standard the cartoons have set for half-a-century, an anxiety which no one who has followed Mr. Sambourne's work can understand, for never was fancy bred purer, fun made more honest, or a facile pen strengthened with more dignity and conscientious care than his. *The Sketch* wishes him all happiness.

INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, OUDH.

GREAT festivities took place at the capital of the Native State of Balrampur, India, on the occasion of the installation of the Maharaja by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, Sir Antony MacDonnell. A beautiful camp had been laid out for the accommodation of the European guests, numbering over eighty. On the 30th Nov., the installation ceremony took place in a specially erected pavilion near the Palace, where, on the left, were seated the Talukhdars, or Chiefs, of Oudh, and many native gentlemen, while, on the right, places had been reserved for the European guests. At twelve o'clock the usual salute announced the Lieutenant-Governor's arrival at the entrance, where he was met by the Raja, and escorted to the throne. The Lieutenant-Governor then delivered a speech referring to the loyalty in Mutiny days of the house of Balrampur, and the confidence the Government placed in the present representative, at whose formal installation it gave him, the Lieutenant-Governor, much pleasure to be present. The Maharaja replied in a short and appropriate speech. After the ceremony, the usual distribution of "pau" (spice) and "attar" (scent) took place, and the guests were decorated with "nars," or necklaces of gold tinsel, for which Balrampur is famous. On this occasion the Maharaja wore the State robe, of purple

velvet embroidered in gold, represented in the accompanying photograph. His crown jewels, consisting of diamonds and pendent emeralds, were very magnificent, while a tassel of large pearls on the left of the crown and row of uncut emeralds hanging from it completed a most unique head-dress. On the afternoon of the 30th, a procession of a hundred elephants passed the gateway of the camp. In the evening a banquet was held, followed by a splendid display of fireworks, and the city was brilliantly illuminated.



THE ELEPHANTS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE PROCESSION.

A Volunteer at "the Front" writes: "I don't think it is generally known that just before poor young Roberts, Lord Roberts' son, lost his life, he began to be known among a few as 'Sixpence.' It was in this wise. There was a comrade of mine who had been out in India with the Field-Marshal, whom he almost worshipped. It was 'Bobs' did this, and 'Bobs' did that'—in fact, 'Bobs' did everything. When young Roberts came out, my friend was

never weary of prophesying the future great career of the son of such an illustrious man. At last, one of 'ours' exclaimed one night, 'Hang it all! We've had enough of "Bobs"; let's have a Song of Sixpence.' So poor, brave Lieutenant Roberts was promptly nicknamed 'Sixpence.' And 'The Song of Sixpence,' if short, was good and glorious."



Lady MacDonnell. Sir Antony MacDonnell. The Maharaja.

THE GUESTS PRESENT AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, OUDH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. JOHNSON AND HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA.



THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, THE LEADING CHIEF OF OUDH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. JOHNSON AND HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TO THE CREDIT OF W. CARLYON.

BY MARGERY WILLIAMS.



WE had all of us rather stood aside to watch how the little drama would unfold itself. Our attitude was, perhaps, influenced less by the fact of its being none of our business than by the girl's complete air of being on all occasions able to look after herself. It was as if she went out of her way to impress this upon one, and she certainly took particular pains in the case of old Jimmie Townley, who, on the strength of his having been on the road with Carlyon in "The Heart of Maryland,"

once got so far as a kindly meant word with her at the stage-door. She was seventeen, a slim little thing with fluffed-out hair and violet-grey eyes that appealed always to the gallery. She had the makings of a clever actress in her, but it was her looks and her assurance that got her into the company. I think we all liked her. She had a personal charm which was difficult of definition, a magic that lay more in her perfect spirits than in anything else. Her gaiety made even for recklessness; I have never before or since known any girl give herself up so completely to the enjoyment of the moment.

Not that there was much of enjoyment in our daily routine, at the best. But, somehow, after her advent there seemed more, or else we were in mood to notice it. It was as though she had brought into our midst something of the atmosphere which stage-life has across the footlights. We had been, the most of us, years in the same wearisome round; if we had ever had any illusions, time had long rubbed the gilt from them. She came to it all with the glamour still upon her, ready to find a joy in everything. Where we knew only the commonplace, she saw novelty. She had the freshness of inexperience, and the instinctive passion of youth for sheer pleasure, a passion which in her struck me at times as almost morbid in its intensity. It was entirely without perspective; she saw the world in only one light, all tinsel and gold. Where she came from we never knew; she was oddly reticent about her past life, but one gathered, somehow, that it had been a particularly guarded one. She made too much of her freedom for it ever to have been an accustomed thing.

Her youth and freshness may have been largely accountable for the women's attitude toward her in the beginning. There was always a hint of antagonism in their manner which familiarity never removed. It deepened, on the contrary, into positive aloofness about the time she took to wearing Parma violets in her jacket, and effective black hats for which her own salary never paid. Whispers which had hitherto hung in the air took then active form. She chattered more brightly than ever, turned up with a new gold muff-chain at rehearsal, and dropped her violets by accident outside the leading lady's door. They avoided her pointedly. She joked with the stage-manager, set her black hat at a studied tilt above her pretty face, and addressed Carlyon as Billie before the lot of us after the evening show.

What I partly respected in her was that she made no mystery of her liking for Carlyon from the first. It had, in fact, grown frankly beyond a liking by the time that we came to speak of it among ourselves. The women, of course, held that it amounted to simply flinging herself at him. But she hardly needed to do that. Carlyon met her more than half-way. Her passion seemed more the passion of a child than a grown woman. That it was very real to her, we had none of us any doubt. Just how far it would eventually carry her, we, knowing Carlyon, had little doubt either. But, as I said, it was no matter for our interference. At the most, we could only stand aside and watch.

She used to listen for his step along the dressing-room passage when he was late of an evening. She waited for him outside the stage-door every night, and he used to see her back to her diggings. It was a known thing that he bought all her railway-tickets, and the leading lady told the stage-manager that she considered her behaviour at rehearsal an open scandal. By some means unknown, the stage-manager's retort came round to general ears, and the leading lady hated the girl more than ever.

As for the girl herself, Carlyon's laugh quite settled the question for her. She thought everything of what he said. It was patent as daylight. I believe she would have done unquestioningly anything in the world he told her to. Once he spoke sharply to her about some triviality, and she went through her part that night like a rag doll.

Jimmie Townley said to me afterwards, "That kid's making herself perfectly ill about Carlyon."

"How is it going to work out?" I queried.

Jimmie looked at me queerly, buttoning his overcoat under the gas-jet. "Has it ever worked out but the one way with him?" he returned.

And it's true that there was only one opinion among us at the time. I don't know whether the girl knew. It was not the women's fault if she didn't; and if she did, she carried it smilingly, with her chin in the air. Carlyon was the only critic that existed for her.

Of course, she idealised him a bit. We are none of us ever in love

with real persons, only with our idea of them. Her idea of Carlyon may have been something very different to the Carlyon we most of us knew. I think, looking back, that it was as much his type as his personality that held her. Beyond and above himself, he was in her eyes the hero of all that she was in love with in her present life. At any rate, this is as near as I have ever got to understanding it.

Towards the end of the tour, we were showing at a little one-horse town in New Hampshire. We were billed for two nights only at the Town Hall. The first night we had a house that went a long way toward patching-up the temper of Rawson, the manager, for three weeks past in an ominous state. After the First Act, a middle-aged woman came round and asked if we had in our company a young lady of the name of Miss Agnes Hutton. The place was built, like most of these provincial halls, with the connecting-door opening right on to the wings. Townley and I were standing off the side, talking, and when she caught sight of us she pushed past the door-keeper and came straight over. She was a little, faded woman, nervous, but with the pleasant, homely New England voice, and an eagerness that seemed to have carried her undaunted into this alien camp.

She addressed her appeal to Jimmie, perhaps as being the elder of the two.

"I want a Miss Hutton," she said. "I know she is here. I saw her on the stage. I want to speak to her—only just for a minute. Agnes Hutton."

Her insistence had in it a note almost of pleading. "I won't keep her but a minute," she repeated. "You can tell her I won't keep her a minute."

She stood there waiting, her eyes anxiously upon us. Agnes Hutton was not the name by which the girl had booked with us, but Jimmie and I looked at each other instinctively. It was Jimmie who spoke first.

"I'm afraid I don't know the name," he began. "Perhaps you have made a mistake. There isn't anyone here of that name. . . . I'll inquire, if you care to wait a minute," he added, awkward all at once before the disappointment in her face.

Just at that moment, Carlyon came toward us. The woman turned to him with new hopefulness. She began her request afresh, quietly and determinedly. Carlyon listened to her with complete indifference, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I saw her," she finished, with a return to the old note of appeal. "I know as well as anything it was her. It couldn't have been anyone else."

"Agnes Hutton. . . ." said Carlyon. There was something in his voice that made Jimmie and I step aside. We felt that the question now could be only between these two.

"There happens to be no one of that name in the company," he said, after a moment, with his usual curtness. "These gentlemen have already told you so, I believe. Excuse me—may I pass?"

"I couldn't have made a mistake," said the woman.

Carlyon's mouth set straightly. He looked her up and down. She stood before him, blocking his way, a worn, shabby, little figure, upheld only by the strength of her purpose.

"Might I ask," he said, "whether you have any particular business with the young lady?"

"I'm her mother," said the little woman quietly, looking at him.

"Oh!" said Carlyon. "Indeed?"

He said it with half a sneer, but the woman must have read more in his face than we did, for she stepped forward and put her hand on his arm.

"If you knew how I've looked for her," she said. "She run away to join. It's going on a year and a-half, and I've come to the theatre time and again, here in the gallery, and I've looked for her in every new company that come. I knew her right off. If it was anyone else, they might have been mistaken, but not me. And if you've ever had folks belonging to you, I guess you'd know how I've felt about her."

Carlyon cleared his throat. As she spoke, his face had lost something of the hardness we had always known in it. It made him, for the moment, curiously a stranger to us.

"I'm very sorry for you," he said. "You see, I can't help feeling you're mistaken. But we go about a good deal. . . . If your daughter is still on the stage, it is just possible we may find out something about her for you. It's only a chance. But, anyway, I will make inquiries, if you like."

The curtain-bell shrilled out, and he turned abruptly on his heel and walked off. The door opened upon the little woman and shut her out into the glare and murmur of the front of the house.

Carlyon was in his dressing-room after the show, when the girl slipped in. He shared the room with Jimmie, but Jimmie had finished early. She had watched for him to go. She dropped on to a box, her hands clenched on her knee. Her little, pretty face was flushed and wild under the powder.

"Oh, Billie!" she cried. "I heard it all! I was back of the side scene all the while, and I heard everything!"

"Well?" said Carlyon. He was changing his boots.

"Oh, Billie, you're not—you won't go and—and——"

"And give you away?" asked Carlyon grimly.

"Don't let on! Oh, don't! I'll never go back! Never! I—I—"

HOLIDAY FACES AND FIGURES.



MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN.



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN.

TWO BRIGHT LITTLE PANTOMIME STARS AT THE GRAND THEATRE, WOOLWICH.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.



"A CRYSTAL PALACE CHRISTMAS-TREE" ON WHEELS.



"BROCK'S BENEFIT" SEASONABLY PERSONIFIED.

TWO SEASONABLE COSTUMES SEEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SKATING CARNIVAL.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

She hid her face in her hands and began to sob.

Carlyon stepped quietly past her and closed the door. Then he came back and sat down again, tilting his chair forward. The girl continued to sob nervously. He could see that she was thoroughly overwrought. Presently her hand groped in her skirt for a handkerchief. She lifted her face, a child's face with its tear-stains, and looked at him drearly.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "You won't tell anyone? I can't go back! I won't go back! It would kill me. You're not going to let on about it, Billie?"

Carlyon reached forward and took hold of one of her wrists. The strong grip of his hand seemed, somehow, to quiet her. She left off sobbing and waited, still catching her breath brokenly.

"You don't want to go?" he said.

"It would kill me! I couldn't! Oh, you don't know!"

"Tell me what made you do such a crazy thing in the first place."

"Oh, everything! All my whole life there. It got so I couldn't stand it. I was never allowed to go round like—like other girls. I wanted to have fun, to see new places and talk to new people, and—have a good time. I never had a good time before at all. Just work, and church on Sundays, and the minister to tea once a fortnight! What was that? I thought and thought over it, and I got so I didn't care—so I'd do anything to get what I wanted. Anything at all!"

"And you've got it?" Carlyon was watching her face.

"I'm happy here. I love it all. It'll kill me to ever go back now! And it's my own life I want to live. I've got the right, haven't I? It isn't even as if there weren't others at home. Billie, you can't make me go back, after—after everything!"

"Listen," said Carlyon. "Leave off crying and listen to me. I don't pretend I've got anything at all to do with it, one way or another, but I want to make you see things the way they are. You're young, and you've got no more nor less talent than a hundred other girls. You know the kind of life you led before you came here; you know the kind of life you're leading now. The matter is in your own hands entirely. I just want you to think it over. If you go, I'll fix it for you with Rawson. If you stay, I'll write to your mother and tell her that I have found no news at all. Do which you like. But I tell you this: I've seen more than you, and I know a bit more, and you can believe me when I say that, if you don't go back at this chance, you won't go at all. A little later will be too late. You won't be able to do it then. Not in a year, nor in six months, nor three. This has got to settle it, either way. Now, you do which you like."

The girl was sobered. She sat for a long while just looking down at the bare floor. She moved her small foot in the soiled satin slipper.

"I'll do just what you say, Billie," she said then, a little wearily. "I'll do just what you say."

"I don't want you to do that. I want you to act on your own judgment."

"I—I don't know. I'll do what you say," she persisted.

Carlyon looked at her oddly.

"Then you'll go," he said.

He walked with her the next day, after rehearsal, out through the town, along the sweet-scented country road. The brambles had turned colour, and yellow maple-leaves lay drifted in the wet cart-ruts. There was no trace of paint on the girl's face. She had put on her plainest hat; it suited her astonishingly.

Once her fingers tightened on Carlyon's arm. She almost clung to him.

"I know I can't do it, Billie," she said. "I guess it'll just kill me. But you know best. And we were going to have such a good time this winter, and all! Billie, why is it always made so hard for us just to be good?"

"Oh, but it isn't!" Carlyon smiled at her. He was conscious with irony how well he was keeping up his new pose. "Not in the way you mean. And the best thing in life isn't just having a good time. You'll understand it some day. You'll remember, then, I was right, even if I didn't know much about it!"

They were in view of a little house set back behind a white paling. The front-yard was full of chrysanthemum-bushes. The girl turned.

"Good-bye, Billie," she said. "Don't come any further."

They gripped hands an instant silently, and he walked away without looking back. She watched him to the turn of the road.

We never heard anything of the girl after she left us. I wondered sometimes whether Carlyon's one good impulse turned out quite so well as he thought. We drifted apart when the company broke up, and of Carlyon himself I lost trace for some years. Indeed, it was only through Townley, who knew him in the old days, that I heard a little while ago of his death, from pneumonia and other complications, in a Newark hospital. He was taken ill on a Sunday night, and died on the following Thursday. There were a good many flowers sent round to the theatre, not a few of them from those who had said the hardest things about Carlyon in his lifetime. But among them, Jimmie told me, was one bunch of white passion-lilies—passion-lilies in November—brought without a card by special messenger. He took them round himself, and laid them by Carlyon's hand in the open casket.

We have our guess, he and I, though we have never spoken, as to whom they came from, and also the meaning of their wordless greeting. If we are right, I am glad to think, when I hear people speak of Carlyon, that those flowers went down with him into the silence which closes alike over what was good in us as well as what was bad.

"THE DOMINION OF THE EAST."

RUSSIAN AIMS IN CHINA AND PERSIA.

ON the further side of Asia, almost in the centre of the western shores of the Japan Sea, stands the fortress-city of Vladivostok, a word which means "Dominion of the East." It is a name of prophetic import to every Russian—a name significant of that magnificent Empire of the Orient which, he firmly believes, he will in due time possess. And it must be candidly admitted that the announcements made from Peking, and confirmed from more than one European capital, during the last few days with respect both to China and Persia would appear to give him ample grounds for his conviction.

There seems to be very little doubt as to what has occurred. Indeed, it is a case where the expected has happened, only it has happened much sooner than anyone, certainly any Russian, however optimistic, expected.

A "PROTECTORATE" HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED BY RUSSIA OVER MANCHURIA.

and, almost at a word, as it were, a splendid territory six times the size of England and Wales, twice the size of Japan, has passed into the hands of the Czar. From Siberia, one of the most inhospitable countries on the face of the globe, the Russians have cast longing eyes for many a day on the rich and fertile valleys across the Amur. And now this Land of Promise is all their own, from the mighty river, which at one time bounded their ambition, right up to the Great Wall of China.

The war between China and Japan manifested the miserable impotence of the former as a Military Power, and the ease with which the latter was compelled to forego her claims to the Liaotung Peninsula after the war showed that Russia had nothing to fear in carrying out her schemes of aggrandisement from those two neighbours of hers. The process of absorbing Manchuria

BEGAN WITH THE "LEASING" OF PORT ARTHUR

and Talienwan; it was continued by the Treaty of 1897, which not only allowed the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway across Manchuria, but permitted the Russians to garrison the line of route; it has been practically completed with the close of the century by the "Protectorate" just proclaimed, the pretext for which being, of course, the disturbances and struggles that took place in the past summer and autumn.

Manchuria (population twenty millions), like the ancient Gaul of Cæsar, is divided into three parts, which in reality constitute one province. In the north, immediately south of the Amur, is Helungkiang, the capital of which is Tsitsihar—a city taken by the Russians on Aug. 29. In the middle is Kirin, whose capital has the same name, and which was occupied by the Russians in September. The southern part, which includes

THE LIAOTUNG PENINSULA,

is variously called Sheng-King, Fung-Tien, Feng-Tien, or Liaotung, and it has as its chief town the important city of Mukden, one of the ancient Royal capitals of the Manchu conquerors of China. It is over this last division of Manchuria that the Russian "Protectorate" has been announced, but there need be no hesitation in stating that either the "Protectorate" covers the whole province under the guise of "Sheng-King" or "Feng-Tien," or that Russia has annexed the rest without going through the diplomatic farce of "protecting" it at all.

The treaty by which China assents to the Russian "Protectorate" of Manchuria is said to have been signed on Nov. 1, 1900, by M. de Giers and Li Hung Chang, and it is broadly stated that, while the treaty is aimed at all the European Powers who might make an attack on any portion of the Chinese Empire—Russia covenanting to give full military assistance to the Chinese in such eventuality—it is

SPECIALLY DIRECTED AGAINST ENGLAND.

Here sounds the familiar, sinister note which indicates the deep-seated antagonism which underlies our relations with Russia. English interests, however, are but small in Manchuria; that is, outside of the treaty-port of Newchwang. There it may be pointed out that in 1898, out of 600,000 tons of shipping at this town, which is by far the most important seaport in the whole north of the mainland of Asia, more than 300,000 tons were British, and 200,000 Japanese, with Russian none at all. Then there is the railway, built with English capital, from Tien-Tsin to Shan-hai-kwan, the latter being on the southernmost frontier of Manchuria, and a position of great strategic value.

But it is not only in the Farthest East that Russia, which moves on like some blind force of Nature, is showing her hand. As is well known, there has been for years past a keen diplomatic struggle between ourselves and Russia for the mastery in Persia. Up till a short time ago, the position was that, while Russia controlled the North of Persia,

WE WERE SUPREME ON THE PERSIAN GULF

and in the South. Now comes the news, apparently from an authoritative source, that Persia recently concluded a treaty with Russia under which the Shah binds himself to observe neutrality if Russia should become involved in hostilities in the East, and, "in case of extreme necessity," to permit the passage through his territory of Muscovite troops. The contract is said to be terminable on one year's notice being given. And, further, it is stated that the vassal rulers of Khiva and Bokhara have pledged themselves to supply military forces in aid of Russia.

All these are signs of the times, and, so far as the British Empire is concerned, they are not of a very hopeful character. Still, no doubt, we will "muddle through" as usual—if we keep our Fleet up to the mark.

SOME SPORTSMEN.

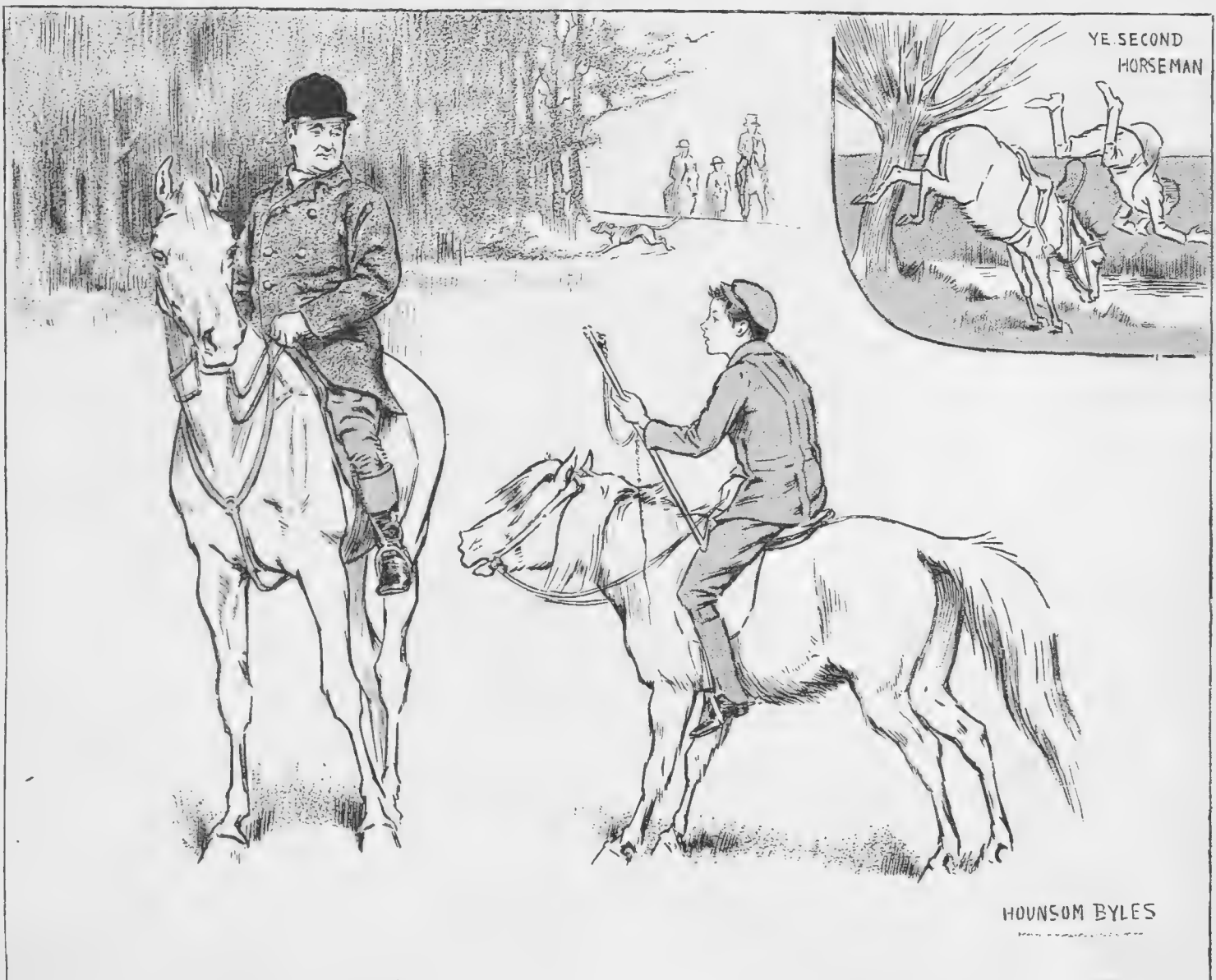
II.—RAFE HEDGES.

SOMETIMES, on wet winter nights, I ride or drive past the "Bowl and Glasses," an Elizabethan hostelry, whose lights, shining through red curtains, spread a bright patch over the muddy road. On these occasions I am four miles from home, cold, tired, and hungry after a long day's sport; but I do not stop to refresh myself, for the landlord and I had a serious trouble in the days when he was a gamekeeper, and we do not even pass the time of day when we meet.

He is a ruddy-cheeked, heavy-limbed son of Anak, six feet two inches in his stockings, master of woodcraft and money-making, possessed of a taste for strong drink and a flow of strong language that would turn a water-mill. I met him some seven years ago, when he looked after a few farms rented by a Colonial friend of mine in Wiltshire. It was a small shoot, but well stocked, and my friend put in one day every fortnight. Hedges managed the shooting-parties, and, according to the size of the tip he received, the quality of the sport varied. Men who had not satisfied him on one occasion had a poor time when they

Now, one hears of tame pheasants being killed and added to bags, to give a big total for the daily or weekly papers; but my host, a keen sportsman who has killed big game in the Old World and the New, would have been the last man in the world to join the vulgar fashion. So I showed him the letters, and he played poacher on his own land. He out-generalled Rafe Hedges. The man had been snaring fur and feather in large quantities, and was sending hampers to the big market-town twelve miles away. Thinking it was not safe to deal in pheasants that had not been shot, he sent them to his master's friends, and the shot ones to market. A very stormy interview terminated the keeper's agreement. He escaped prosecution: I can't say why.

By this time the country was too hot to hold Rafe Hedges. He retired from the gamekeeping business, and put down eight hundred pounds for the goodwill, stock, and fixtures of the "Bowl and Glasses," where to-day he is making money fast. It would be interesting to learn how the purchase-money was acquired. He rents the shooting on one or two farms seven miles from his hostelry, and any young amateur who has a few pounds to part with and a desire to try his hand at birds or rabbits can be accommodated. Hedges gets the money, the amateur gets the experience. At the inn, you can always have pheasant, snipe,

BEGINNING-OF-THE-CENTURY BOY: *Seen my second horseman?*

came down again, for the keeper had a gift that was nearly genius for driving birds—he positively juggled with them. Towards the end of the season, he quarrelled with and thrashed one of the beaters employed, and the man sought a brief interview with my friend. Hedges was offered the choice between giving up his agreement and leaving the neighbourhood, and defending himself at the next Assizes.

He went away, and when I met him, two years later, it was at a place in the North of England, a large shoot where he had several men under him. He gave me the best place, made my sport as attractive as he could, and finally asked me not to mention anything about him to his master. "I'm running straight now," he said with unctious, a frank confession that the old charges made against him were true. Two years later, he was a hundred and fifty miles away from the last place, managing the shooting of a man I know well. I made a few inquiries. The season had been a good one for rearing birds, but bags were unaccountably small. No, there was no poaching; Hedges had not reported any. At my friend's request, I wrote out a few labels that birds might be sent to some of my friends, and two of these friends, writing to acknowledge them, remarked that they supposed we put salt on the birds' tails, for there was no sign of shot about them.

woodcock, partridge, and hare in their season, and the host remarks that he has a little shooting down away yonder, pointing to the quarter where the farms lie. But I hear there is little or no game on the farms, and that most of the good things on the sideboard and in the kitchen of the "Bowl and Glasses" are brought to the back-door by mysterious people at hours when the village is asleep, that small cash payments are made, no questions are asked, and no quantity of game is too small or too large. I am told also that there are many complaints of poaching in the neighbourhood, and, taking one consideration with another, I am inclined to believe the day is not far off when Rafe Hedges will appear before the Great Unpaid in capacity of defendant.

For the man cannot run straight; his soul is as warped as his body is upright. His knowledge of country and wood life serves no good purpose. He is worse than the poacher, who does well or ill and goes in triumph to the public-house or in despair to the county gaol. Rafe Hedges has sold his masters and been a terror to his masters' poorer guests. He has encouraged poaching, and made thieves of honest men. He is hated and feared by the people who know him as a master. Yet he thrives in defiance of the law, and down to the present nothing has been brought home to him.

SPECIAL "SKETCH" NOTES FROM BERLIN.

THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

HARDLY had the New Year been ushered in with all the rejoicings customary in Germany (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) than the sad news reached Berlin from Weimar that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been at last taken from his relations. The name of the late Grand Duke associates itself naturally with that of the town of Weimar and those of the immortal poet Goethe and the Grand Duke Charles Augustus. After leaving the tuition of Goethe and of the celebrated philosopher, Schlegel, Charles Alexander attended the Universities of Leipzig and Jena, and then entered the First Prussian Cuirassier Regiment. In 1842 he married Princess Sophie of the Netherlands, and in 1853 succeeded to the throne of his forefathers. As King, he was ever most anxious to provide for the good of his people, and, as one of the Federal Princes, to act as an upright adviser to the Empire. The Grand Duke himself, with his son, took part in all the battles of the campaign of 1870-71, and, when the Empire had been consolidated into one whole, he was among the most highly esteemed in council. How keenly his work was appreciated by the present Kaiser can be seen from the fact that His Majesty created him Colonel-General of the Cavalry.

THE EMPEROR'S REBUKE TO GERMAN OFFICERS.

During the last few days the German Emperor had occasion to administer a not undeserved rebuke to the officers in his Army. It has been long an open secret that the officers of all regiments, when on amusement bent, especially when this amusement did not bear any too strict examination as to its character, used to regularly discard their uniforms for the dress of an ordinary civilian. The Emperor expressed himself on the subject shortly and to the point, as is his wont. He said, "If the uniform which I provide them does not suit the gentlemen, they ought to take it off—but in that case for good and all. To that I take no exception; but, so long as they keep it, they ought to wear it on all occasions."

PROFESSOR THOMPSON IN BERLIN.

The "Urania" lecture-halls will be honoured during January with the presence of the celebrated Professor Thompson, who will lecture on Wednesdays to the Berliners on the researches made by Faraday and on the influence exerted by him on modern electro-technology.

SKATING IN BERLIN.

The New Year has begun well for all those who are fond of the exhilarating pastime of skating and ice-hockey. Nowhere is skating more encouraged than in Berlin and neighbourhood. Within the confines of the city suburbs there are no less than two skating-rinks of considerable dimensions, and the Thiergarten itself boasts of two magnificent lakes, where hundreds of couples of happy skaters sweep gracefully backwards and forwards to the cheering tunes of military bands. Even at night the joyous scene continues, the shimmering ice and the festoons of flags and bunting being lit up in wondrous radiance by gigantic globes of electric-light. The enormous lake at Wannsee, too, near Potsdam, presents a glorious sight at this season, thousands of holiday-makers hurrying thither by train in order to spend their leisure hours executing the most intricate figures, with, apparently, the greatest ease, on the delightful expanse of ice five inches thick.

THE MURDEROUS ELECTRIC-TRAMS.

Another sad case of death has occurred in Berlin through the electric-trams. The late Lieutenant-General Pockhammer was the victim this time. The General was crossing the street, when he saw an electric-tram swishing down upon him, and, most naturally, stepped back to avoid getting run over. In Berlin, however narrow the streets, there is always a double line of such trams, and in this case the unfortunate victim escaped Scylla only to get caught in Charybdis, for he stepped back into another tram coming equally quickly from the opposite direction. The unfortunate gentleman was caught in the front wheels and crushed to death. The matter is being constantly taken up in the newspapers here, but with little apparent success. It is hoped that the company may be persuaded into adopting front "cow-catchers" of the kind in use in the United States, so that the terrible necessity may be avoided of waiting some three-quarters of an hour before the tram can be raised by cranes and the sufferer extricated.

THE EMPEROR'S SYMPATHY.

Like our own gracious Queen, the German Emperor and Empress are ever tendering a sympathetic ear to all in affliction, and thus winning not only the respect but also the love of their subjects. The Emperor has just given a most touching instance of his sympathy for those in deep distress by himself executing a sketch of a most lovely memorial tablet, copies of which are to be presented to all those who have lost relations in the Far East. The memorial sketch, a copy of which I have been endeavouring to obtain for you (says my Berlin Correspondent), but which is at present impossible even to see and copy, represents Germania, dressed in purple, holding in her upraised left hand a laurel crown and resting her right hand on a shield bearing the German eagle. The inscription runs as follows: "Memorial to [here the name of the deceased], born on —, died on —. He died for Emperor and Empire. All honour to his memory!" Lower down, under a frame enclosing Christ's head, run the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."—St. John xv. 13.

MILITARY MATTERS.

MONEY GRANTS FOR VICTORIOUS GENERALS.

THE custom of recognising the services of victorious Generals by presenting them with grants of money is (writes a military correspondent) by no means an innovation. Thus, Earl Roberts (who is about to receive a pecuniary reward for his arduous duties in South Africa) was voted £12,500 on the conclusion of the Afghan Campaign in 1881. A similar amount was at the same time bestowed upon Sir Donald Stewart. Other soldiers who have received pecuniary grants on account of services in India have been Lord Hardinge (£5000), Lord Gough (£2000), Lord Clyde (£2000), and Sir Archdale Wilson and Sir James Outram (£1000 each). The General who has done best in this respect, however, is undoubtedly Lord Wolseley. Thus, the late Commander-in-Chief was voted by Parliament £25,000 for his work in connection with the Ashanti Campaign of 1879, and £30,000 for bringing the Egyptian War of 1882 to a successful conclusion.

THE VACANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEFSHIP IN INDIA.

Great interest (says a Service contributor) is taken in military circles in connection with the appointment of a permanent successor to the late Sir William Lockhart as Commander-in-Chief in India. For nearly ten months now this responsible post has been occupied by General Sir Arthur Power Palmer, and it is felt that it is high time to definitely settle whether he shall be confirmed in the appointment or not. Should he be retained therein, the decision will be a most popular one, for General Palmer has, during his long probation, proved himself thoroughly fitted for the position. As a fighting-soldier, he has had a distinguished career, having served through no less than nine separate campaigns, while as an organiser he is admittedly one of the most successful that have ever held office in Simla. He is reputed, however, to have a somewhat uncomplimentary opinion of "red-tapeism," a circumstance that is scarcely likely to weigh in his favour with Pall Mall officialdom.

A NEW RÔLE FOR THE MILITIA.

The Militia seem in a fair way of earning the title of the "handy men" of the British Army, for, not content with utilising their services on a large scale for guarding lines of communication and repairing railways in South Africa, the authorities have just resolved to equip a large proportion of them for duty as Mounted Infantry at "the Front." As may be readily imagined, this decision is taken as a great compliment by the "Old Constitutional Force" as a whole, and by the Manchester Militia in particular, this being the corps furnishing the first contingent. In connection with this fact, it is interesting to note that the Militia were in the habit of supplying mounted troops many years before regiments of Regular Cavalry were formed at all. Consequently, their employment in the present instance is but a return to an old order of things.

POLICEMAN AND SOLDIER, TOO!

Although a prominent member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Captain P. B. Pattison has, nevertheless, lately been on active service in China. His presence in the Flowery Land during the recent disturbances was accounted for by his having been temporarily "lent" to the Municipal authorities of Shanghai, for the purpose of organising the police force there. From Shanghai he proceeded to Wei-Hai-Wei, where he did good work with the local "Roberts," as has been abundantly testified by the excellent account they gave of themselves throughout the whole of the anxious weeks of last July and August. Captain Pattison (who is now at home, enjoying a spell of well-earned leave) has been succeeded at Shanghai by Captain Boiragon. Mr. Frankfort Moore (the well-known Irish novelist) is Captain Pattison's brother-in-law, while Rear-Admiral J. R. Pattison, R.N., is his brother.

WAR OFFICE ENERGY.

Acting evidently on the familiar maxim, "The more haste, the less speed," the War Office has just intimated its decision to grant a medal for active service in the Basutoland and Transkei Campaigns of 1880-81. Candidates entitled to the decoration should apply early, to avoid the rush.

COLONEL MACKINNON'S RECORD OF THE "C.I.V.'S" WORK.

Colonel Mackinnon, who is to be congratulated on his promotion by the War Office authorities to the rank of Major-General for his services as Commander of the "C.I.V." in South Africa, has completed a record of the work achieved by his gallant corps. Colonel Mackinnon, during the campaign, never permitted a day to pass without jotting down in his journal the work he and his comrades had accomplished; and when it is borne in mind, as Earl Roberts magnanimously acknowledged, that London's Imperial Volunteers marched five hundred and fifty miles in forty days, and took part in twenty-three engagements, the history, which Mr. John Murray will have ready very soon, is certain to be of unique interest. Colonel Mackinnon, who is a son of the aged chief of the Clan Mackinnon Society, will attend, along with his brother, Major Mackinnon, of Folkestone, Kent, and his distinguished cousin, Lord Dundonald, the annual gathering of the clan in Glasgow early next month—an auspicious occasion which is being anticipated with keen interest.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE *Sketch* is indebted to the Berlin *Localanzeiger* for some interesting details of Siegfried Wagner's new opera, "Herzog Wildfang" ("The Madcap Duke"). Although the son of the great composer is never likely to win the fame of his illustrious father, he is a well-trained musician, and has already given proof of remarkable ability as an operatic composer.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S PLOT.

The Duke, who is the hero, had arranged to sell his subjects to England in the last century as soldiers. This is fiercely resented by the people; and a revolt takes place. The harum-scarum Duke has two advisers; one, Matthias Blank, is utterly vicious; the other, Burkhardt, is amiable and good, his daughter, Osterlind, being the heroine. The young girl, at first repelled by the Duke's wild life, yet believes he has good qualities. The foolish young man, while shooting, accidentally wounds Osterlind, and, in remorse, asks her to be his Duchess.

This leads to good results, as the people admire the girl and her father. The progress of the Revolution is stayed.

THE DUKE, LIKE "AL RASCHID,"

has a fancy for going among his people in disguise. This, however, leads to nothing of importance in the way of incident. Meanwhile, the Duke's evil adviser, Blank, proposes a number of suitors for Osterlind, who, however, is faithful to an old lover, Reinhart. There is a kind of love-chase, in which the Duke takes part, but Reinhart, like a true lover, is first in the field. The *dénouement* is brought about by the devotion of Osterlind and the resolve of the madcap Duke to "sow his wild oats" and reign more wisely over his people. Thus all ends happily. Siegfried Wagner's opera seems likely to be popular in Germany, but the music, although occasionally echoing that of his father's "Meistersinger," is mainly in a grotesquely humorous vein.

M. MESSENGER, THE NEW ROYAL OPERA DIRECTOR.

A new Managing Director has been appointed at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, in place of Mr. Grau, who, having embarked in various fresh enterprises, was desirous of resigning. Mr. Grau has taken one engagement for next season—the Sarah Bernhardt campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre—which alone will be sufficient to occupy most of his time. The new Manager is M. André Messenger, the popular French composer, who is the husband of the delightful song-writer known as "Hope Temple." M. Messenger was born at Montluçon in 1856, and studied under the admirable French composer, Dr. Saint-Saëns. In 1898 he was chosen Director of the Paris Opéra-Comique, and displayed great ability in that post, two operas of his having been successfully produced in Paris. Mr. D'Oyly Carte brought out "La Basoche" in an English version. The students of the Guildhall School of Music will shortly revive the work, which contains charming music.

It will be to the advantage of the Royal Opera to have so gifted a musician directing the music. Some of the subscribers were beginning to object to "too much Wagner," and, in consequence, there will be no "Nibelungen Ring" Cycle next season. But all the great vocalists will be retained, and some works will be revived which modern opera-goers have never seen, although they were often given at Covent Garden in past days.

MADAME MARIE ROZE

is about to return to the concert-platform. This spring she will do a tour in the provinces. Her tour is under the management of Mr. R. C. Buchanan, of Glasgow.

MR. MANNS

has been appointed Music Director at the Crystal Palace, a fitting post for one who has laboured so zealously for nearly forty-six years. His first musical successes were at the Opera House, Dantzic. But perhaps his greatest achievement was conducting the Handel Festival of 1883. On that occasion it was admitted by all lovers of music that Mr. Manns was fully equal to his great task, the Festival being a complete success. It was under the bâton of Mr. Manns that Sir Arthur Sullivan won his first triumph, and the veteran Conductor has also been responsible for the introduction to music-lovers of many orchestral pieces since become famous the wide world over.

THE LATE MR. CARSON.

In common, I am sure, with numbers of Masonic friends and theatrical folks, I deeply grieved to hear of the comparatively early death of a genial and kind-hearted comrade of the Press who but a short time ago seemed in the vigorous prime of life and full of cheerful energy. Managers of playhouses have much to answer for by permitting their theatres to be either stiflingly hot or perilously draughty. Many of us must remember with a shudder the death-knell cough on first-nights of poor Nisbet, the *Times* critic and *Referee* Handbooker; and I have many a time and oft had to turn up the collar of my coat as some sort of protection against the Siberian draughts that rush to the stalls either straight from the stage or from the side-doors. But I trust our lamented colleague, Mr. C. L. Carson, Editor of the *Stage*, did not lose his life from this cause. Still, I would earnestly appeal to all Managers to strive their utmost to keep out killing draughts, whilst securing that good and safe ventilation which any architect worth his salt could easily devise.

Mr. Carson not only contrived, with his able partner, Mr. Comerford, to make the *Stage* newspaper a paying property, in spite of the firm grip which Mr. Ledger's *Era* holds, by reason of its comprehensiveness and long-standing, on the theatrical profession; but the kindly gentleman whose loss we mourn interested himself much in the welfare of actors and actresses, procured for them more sanitary and comfortable dressing-rooms, and founded, in conjunction with Mrs. Carson (to whom I tender

my heartiest sympathies in her sore bereavement) that benevolent Association which, aided by Lady Burdett-Coutts and the leading ornaments of "The Profession," has helped in the hour of distress many a poor, struggling actress. As a Past-Master of the Savage Club Lodge, Bro. Carson was a charitable giver, and deservedly held in highest esteem by all brethren of the Craft who knew him and respected him for his sterling qualities. He will ever be held in kindest remembrance.

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Although Mr. George Alexander has just withdrawn "The Wisdom of the Wise" from the St. James's, closing that theatre for nine or ten days in order to make better preparations for his next new production, yet, inasmuch as Mrs. Craigie's still largely discussed play has just been published, the Editor of *The Sketch* has thought that the specially prepared pictures of this piece issued in this number should prove interesting. In any case, the pictures and the episodes they portray should be of social as well as of dramatic interest, for, in the first place, the vexed question as to whether ladies should smoke cigarettes in company is in one of the plates advanced a stage, as one may say. Herein may be observed the worldly Mrs. Ralph Wuthering (as represented by the handsome Miss Granville) audaciously puffing a cigarette, at the risk of shocking all her sister matrons. The other chief

picture illustrating "The Wisdom of the Wise" depicts that social but not dramatic situation when a group of obstinate "people" are seen to be immovably set one against the other, including that sometime perplexed young couple, the Duke and Duchess of St. Asaph, so brilliantly impersonated by Mr. George Alexander and Miss Fay Davis.

Mr. Alexander's next production, which is Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, to be entitled

"THE AWAKENING,"

is fixed for the 23rd inst. I can assure my readers that they will find Mr. Chambers has given Mr. Alexander a very fine acting-part, even as he did in that strong drama, "The Idler." Apart from thus affording increased interest for playgoers, it is really consoling to find that Mr. Alexander is to be thus well provided, for, of all the leading men upon the stage, Mr. Alexander has hitherto had for the most part the worst acting-characters ever allotted to an actor-manager. With the exception of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Idler," and "Liberty Hall," this popular player's rôles have been of the mere walking-gentleman kind. It is pleasant also to note that Miss Fay Davis, most popular of young American actresses in London, has been supplied by Mr. Chambers with excellent histrionic opportunities. In short, if "The Awakening" should prove as strong as "The Idler," we shall all be grateful, and if it should prove as beautifully written as the same author's "Tyranny of Tears," we shall all be still more so. The production is being awaited with great interest.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES L. CARSON, EDITOR OF "THE STAGE."

Photo by Edward Smith, Cheapside.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

It is, of course, in a large measure due to the charming acting and delightful presence of Miss Ellaline Terriss (who is freshly portrayed on another page) that the revised version of "Alice in Wonderland" has been playing to such enormous business at the Vaudeville. One of the potent factors in this connection has, of course, been Mr. Seymour Hicks.

"ALI AND THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

The Lyric (Hammersmith) pantomime, "Ali and the Forty Thieves," is doing the biggest business ever known in that theatre. This is only as it should be, for not only have Mr. Acton Phillips and Mr. J. M. East produced the pantomime with great skill and tact, but it is represented by a clever company of players, including Miss Rita Presano as "principal boy"; Mr. Tom Wootwell, who usually describes himself as the loose-legged comedian; Mr. Harry Buss, one of the liveliest of our youthful comedians; and Miss Kitty Beresford, who is an enchanting "principal girl."

MISS MINNA BLAKISTON.

Miss Minna Blakiston is the second daughter of Mr. J. R. Blakiston, M.A., Her Majesty's late Chief Inspector of Schools for the North-Eastern Division of England. There is no record of theatrical tastes in her family until her brother, Mr. Clarence Blakiston, went on the stage. But she became a pupil of Miss Sarah Thorne, who speedily discovered that the young lady had made no mistake in her aspirations, for she rapidly developed her dramatic aptitude.

After Miss Minna Blakiston had played all sorts of parts during a long tour with Miss Thorne, Mr. John Hare engaged her during his tenancy of the Garrick Theatre, where she gave prominence to various small parts, in which she was seen to much advantage, and she also understudied Miss Louise Moody. For over a year she won approbation in all quarters by her excellent representation of Sophy Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," and she has also been accepted by audiences throughout the provinces as an altogether admirable interpreter of the principal character in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." She is just the intelligent artist a good London manager should find most useful.



MISS MINNA BLAKISTON, THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG ACTRESS,
As Sophy Fullgarney in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's "Gay Lord Quex" Touring Company.
Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

"LITTLE RED ROBIN HOOD," AT BEDFORD PARK CLUB.

It is a far cry from Bedford Park to Sherwood Forest, and farther still to Damascus; but the local colouring was brightly and successfully supplied in the "new and original Musical Burlesque Extravaganza" produced under the enterprising management of the Bedford Park



MR. CECIL ALDIN'S DESIGN FOR THE COVER OF THE "LITTLE RED ROBIN HOOD" PANTOMIME BOOK AT BEDFORD PARK.

Amateur Dramatic Club on Tuesday se'nnight and continued till Saturday, with a matinée on the Saturday afternoon.

I can cordially congratulate Messrs. Alick Manley and Vivian Matthews on the undoubted success of the work they produced, and no less Mr. Cecil Cook on the bright and tuneful music he supplied.

Mr. Alick Manley bore the burden and heat of the day as Friar Tuck, and was a "fellow of infinite jest." He was most ably seconded by Messrs. Vivian Matthews and Frank Nash as Allan a-Dale and Little John.

Miss Doris Gray acted and sang with charm and vivacity as Robin Hood. Miss Margaret Manley's singing in the part of Maid Marian was excellent, and she acted the onerous part of the heroine with spirit and intelligence. Miss Morgan, as Dame Woffles, and Mr. Gerald Grace, as Master Peter Woffles, were thorough exponents of the comedy of their parts. Miss Manley, as an up-to-date War-Correspondent; Mr. Hicks, as Sir Hugo; Mr. Norman Kayll, as the Dey of Damascus; Mr. Cecil Aldin, as Herald; Mr. W. B. Wollen, as Nuff-bin-Said, Chief of Police; and Mr. George Lestocq, as Vizier, were all excellent in their respective parts; whilst the singing of Mr. Paul Gray, as Abdallah, and Mr. Frederick Downie, as Sir Guy de Beaumanoir, met with evident appreciation. Mention must be made of the graceful dancing of Miss Daisy Scott and of the children ably trained by Miss Maud McNaught. Finally, a word of praise is due to the Chorus.

THE "'ERA' DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ALMANACK,"

conducted by Mr. Edward Ledger, and attractive as ever, does not appear till January, as it contains a theatrical record of the previous year. It is not only a useful handbook of stage facts and figures, such as playgoers like to prime themselves with, but is brightened with a series of anecdotes by Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, Misses Isabel Jay, Janette Steer, Mabelle Gilman, Carlotta Addison, Mabel Love, Harriett Vernon, Alexandra Dagmar, M.M. Wilson Barrett, Arthur Bouchier, Leonard Boyne, R. G. Knowles, Richard Cable, Frank H. Celli, Huntley Wright, Harry Monkhouse, John Billington, William Mollison, and Perruquier Willie Clarkson (each of whom is portrayed to the life). The "Era Almanack" is, in fine, invaluable to all lovers of the stage, and is issued from the Era office, 49, Wellington Street.

THE "'ENTR'ACTE' ANNUAL,"

compiled by Mr. W. H. Combes, tells you all that is worth knowing of the Music Halls of town. If there be a melancholy interest in the "touch of a vanished hand," as exemplified in the clever caricatures of poor Alfred Bryan, much of that lamented Artist's spirit is caught by "Limelight" Downey and Horace Morehen, whose sparkling drawings help, with the capital verse and prose of Henry Chance Newton, to enliven the Number. It is published by Mr. Combes, at the Entr'acte Office, 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL

A Winter Jaunt—By the Light of the Moon—In the Teeth of a Gale—The Delight of Eating.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 16, 5.18; Thursday, 5.20; Friday, 5.22; Saturday, 5.25; Sunday, 5.26; Monday, 5.27; Tuesday, 5.29.

"You're surely never going off on a day like this?" That was the remark the better half of my family made on the Saturday morning ten days ago. It was that morning when London was swathed in fog and frost preparatory to the first taste of snow this winter. Candidly, I had got a little tired of seeing my machine standing unused, and I was determined, be the weather wet, fine, or what it liked, I was going off for a day or two. A good companion came along. We strapped on our travelling-bags, containing pyjamas, sweater, tooth-brush, soap, and a novel, and away we went. Our progress was gingerly through the fog hanging about the London suburbs. But we escaped the fog long before Epsom was reached. The road-surface was as hard as the top of a billiard-table, and, while not so smooth, was wonderfully good. Despite the sun coming out, the air was bitingly sharp, and for a time our toes and our fingers tingled. But soon they were all right, and, though folks we passed were pinch-featured and red-nosed, we were jolly and as warm as toast. The crispness of the air and the quick travelling shook up our livers, and we felt the revelry of living in our veins. Damp had been hanging about for weeks, and now the sharp frost had incrustated all the trees in a sort of silver moss that sparkled fairy-like in the sun. My companion, who had spent most of his life in India, was in ecstasies. He had never seen anything like this before, outside pictures. Indeed, it was exceedingly beautiful. We knew we had done the right thing in getting away. Though townsmen, we joyed in the country scenes, and we told ourselves we were wise in running from the fog of London.

Away through Epsom we spun, with but one halt—Ah, delicious is the taste of good ale!—through Leatherhead we went, and dived and climbed our way Dorking-wards. On the side of the road the sun touched, the ground was mushy. The side, however, in shadow was firm and smooth. We had appetites, glorious appetites, and we wondered what we would get for lunch. With a swish we went over Burford Bridge, and in Dorking we fed—only cold meat and ale and stewed apples and cheese, but more enjoyable than a City dinner. We idled away an hour or more over our pipes, and the sun was beginning to dip before we went on. The heat had gone from the day, and chilliness was in the air and nipped the cheek. Away by Holford we wheeled, and all the whin-bushes were dusted with frost. Before reaching Horsham we swung off to the right, along a narrow, high-hedged lane. Had there been a thaw, it would have been unridable. But the slush was frozen, very jolty, and the thin ice in the ruts crackled beneath our tyres. It was just dark when we hailed Billingham. There we had tea, in the inn kitchen, "because there's no fire in the room," and we lazed our time till the moon, big and red, like a Chinese lantern, climbed over the hills. Stinging and freezing was the wind, clear as crystal the air, and we pedalled on slowly to Pulborough. There we halted, ate a colossal dinner, stretched our legs before the inn fire, felt sleepy, and went to bed early.

Sunday came gloriously, the sky blue and fleckless, and the atmosphere sharp but pleasant, such as you get in the Higher Alps. We dawdled along and we walked the hills. Folks were church-going, red-cheeked, happy country people; the churches were picturesque and ivy-clad; the jangle of the bells was sweet in the ear. As we climbed high up, nearing Arundel Park, the air braced one like a tonic. Then we rode through the park, and with a shout of "Hi, ho-ho!" sent the deer scampering light-footed along the hillside. Through Arundel, we thought of turning our faces towards Brighton. We did, but there was a steady gale blowing from the east. We doubled our heads over the handle-bars and pedalled valiantly. It was hard work. Long before we got to Worthing we saw the wind-provoked tears trickling down each

other's nose, and we asked, "Is there much fun in this?" We decided there wasn't; we turned tail and ran before the wind to Littlehampton. Across the ferry we were dragged, and, after a stretch of good road, we jolted our way over frozen cart-ruts to Bognor. We were starving, and we ate our dinner ravenously.

Black clouds sailed along, and the heavens threatened snow. We trifled over our coffee and cigars till well on in the afternoon, and, oh! how freezing the air struck when we went from the cosy coffee-room into the open! But we climbed into our sweaters, and pushed on to Chichester. Service was on in the Cathedral, and, leaving our bicycles against the railings, we "dropped in." The aisle was full, the lights were low, and the anthem was being sung. Very beautiful was the service, even to two cyclists in knickerbockers and sweaters. Away again. We had to light up as soon as we got outside Chichester. Hardly a soul did we meet on the road. Now and then was a dim light in a village window; but all seemed still and deserted, as though it might have been midnight instead of only between five and six. In places the road was splendid; in others it was just the opposite. Great stretches had been scattered with flints, and the steam-roller had evidently not been that way. J. F. F.



NEW YEAR'S CARD TO MR. H. E. MOSS, 'PRESIDING' GENIUS OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Drawn by A. A. F. Kennett

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

It was in his admirably managed Edinburgh Theatre of Varieties that I first gauged Mr. H. E. Moss's consummate ability as a judicious public entertainer some years ago. The richly diversified and ever-varying bill-of-fare with which he amused "Auld Reekie" year in and year out was vouchsafed to the Liverpool Empire and other prominent provincial Empire Music-Halls, and with similar success, ere Mr. Moss crowned his enterprise by beating the record in London, where no circus had, since the palmy days of Astley's, ever flourished for more than a very few months. As *The Sketch* was the earliest to hold out an encouraging hand of welcome to Mr. Moss when he opened the London Hippodrome, the most palatial and most magnificent theatre of the kind in the world, little more than a twelve-month ago, so *The Sketch* most cordially congratulates him upon his extraordinary achievement of a year's run without cessation of two performances daily.

Mr. Moss is true to the enlightened policy that pays best. He offers the public the very best performers procurable, and introduces novelties the moment they are desirable. There is no more diverting bill-of-fare in town than that which is presented by Mr. Moss at the London Hippodrome, for children home for the holidays and for their elders who still have to work hard all day. It is a real relaxation for the latter to lean back in the cosy arm-chairs and smoke a fragrant cigar whilst viewing the wonderful performances of the trained seals (which have advanced by leaps and bounds in artistic skill since poor old Jules Lecomte, the fair-bearded French sailor who closely resembled Garibaldi, exhibited his sea-lion from

the Falkland Islands first at Cremorne Gardens and then at the "Zoo"); and whilst enjoying the marvellously adroit lassoing tricks and the other excellent items which are drawing All London to Cranbourn Street.

Mr. Moss caps all he has ever done by his superbly brilliant and exquisitely tasteful spectacular pantomime of "Cinderella," which has the great merit, apart from its splendour and engrossing interest, of keeping close to the well-loved nursery story, and of being commendably brief and to the point. My advice to parents and guardians is—Go and see "Cinderella" with the young people at the London Hippodrome. In front of me the other night were a happy Father and Mother and their four olive-branches full of admiration for this really beautiful fairy-show, and myriads of other family parties have thus early in the holiday season likewise thoroughly relished this bewitching realisation of the favourite legend of the neglected little home-heroine whom the Fairy Godmother arrays in the most enchanting of dresses, and provides with an electric-lighted coach of unrivalled magnificence, drawn by the daintiest of ponies, and speeds to the historic ball for the Prince to fall in love with and capture her beauteous glass slipper. It is all very charming, and in the best of good taste—a very desirable thing at places of public entertainment—and is so fascinating a performance that all eyes will be captivated with the London Hippodrome edition of "Cinderella."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Insurance.

It is well known that many of the officials insure their jumping meetings against the chance of abandonment through frost, fog, or snow. The underwriters had a bad time of it last season, and this year the premium charged has been 20 per cent. I think Clerks of Courses could always afford to trade at this price, but I do not consider that it is fair to owners and trainers to abandon any meeting until the morning of the second day if it be a two-day fixture. Further, I consider that travelling expenses out-of-pocket should be paid for horses and lads when a meeting is abandoned. Under the present conditions, the Clerk of the Course stands to win a big sum and lose nothing by abandonment, whereas the owner who has sent his horse to the meeting finds himself a loser to the tune of the travelling expenses. What is more, he loses the chance of winning with, say, a moderate horse that might capture in the absence of some of the best of those entered.

The Lincoln Handicap.

We can safely leave the weighing of the horses engaged in the Lincoln Handicap to Mr. Ord, who is one of our very best handicappers. In the meantime, I might mention that the so-called sharps' tips are Good Luck, Little Eva, and Flambard. The first-named can stay this mile easily, and J. Waugh can be relied on to deliver him fit at the post. I hardly know what to write about Little Eva. She has disappointed the public on several occasions. She is, I am assured, a good animal that must never be missed. Flambard, who used to belong to Lord Rosebery, is now in Wishard's stable, and the American trainer is sure, sooner or later, to win a good race with this horse; but, in my opinion, the Lincoln mile is not far enough for Flambard. Indeed, I should not be at all surprised were Wishard to elect to stand on Harrow for this race. Harrow was a terrible rogue last year, but he is now said to be as quiet as an old sheep. He is a good horse when at his best.

The Grand National.

Although the entry for the cross-country "blue ribbon" has not quite come up to the average, there should be a good number of horses go to the post that are capable of getting over Becher's Brook a second time. Such as Cathal, Manifesto, Ambush II., Romanoff, Barsac, and Bloomer are safe conveyances. I think Hidden Mystery will jump all right, and Uncle Jack ought to get the course successfully, while Prosser and Fanciful are good jumpers, and, as the three last-named are six-year-olds, there is the chance of a youngster winning the race this year, especially if we include in the little lot that very useful six-year-old Cushenden. The mystery-horse Timon is included in the entry, and it is to be hoped that he will be found among the starters. Of course, it is impossible to say what weight Ambush II. will get, but, if he has improved since last year, he should win again unless he goes under to Hidden Mystery.

The Derby.

I am told that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is very likely to win the Derby of 1901 with Lord Quex. The bay son of Sir Hugo—Loveret has wintered well, and I believe R. Marsh is very fond of his chance. A stable-companion in Osboch, who belongs to Lord Wolverton, is in the Derby, and I should have stated that Lord Quex is in the Two Thousand Guineas. I must admit that I was not impressed with the Prince's colt when he ran fourth to Galicia at Ascot; but he was not ready, and it was not until October that he showed his proper form. On Oct. 11 he won the Ditch Mile Nursery at Newmarket from a large field, and on Oct. 26 he was successful in the Houghton Stakes, run over the Rowley Mile. In this race he gave 6 lb. to St. Amour, who finished fourth, while Lord Melton, who gave the Prince's colt 6 lb., could get no nearer than fifth. I think we shall have to keep Lord Quex in view in dealing with the Two Thousand and Derby, and nothing would please me more than to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's colt capture both races.

"S.-P." Bets.

The starting-price bookmakers received such a shaking last year over one or two of the big coups that they have at last done what I advised them to do years ago—taken steps to protect themselves. The majority of racegoers know that winners used to be easily found under National Hunt Rules, when the racing was according to the book; but now, thanks to the doings of Messrs. Arrangement and Armstrong, or from some other cause, form does not always work out, though the poor stay-at-home layers find, to their cost, that the stone-dead animal on the course is the worst they have on their books. I know of one or two bookmakers who have closed all their starting-price accounts, while others positively refuse to take more than five pounds from any one customer about any horse. Some bookies stipulate that amounts of and exceeding twenty pounds must be received before twelve o'clock on the morning of the race. Why do not the National Hunt Committee take notice of betting and have a look at the names of the horses the bookies pay out over at "S.-P."?

Warm Feet.

Many years ago, a big backer at Croydon said to me, "How can a man be expected to find winners when his feet are like stones?" Mr. Plunger had had a perishing time. It was the last meeting held at Woodside. The snow was falling fast and it was freezing hard. I think I mentioned in these columns at the time that Billy Shee, the bookmaker, wore boots quite four inches thick. They were awkward to walk in, but were very warm, and, what is more, they got rid of the necessity for their owner to stand on a stool. The question of warm feet is an important one, and I think we shall either have to wear goloshes or snow-shoes in the winter. Lord Dundonald invented a useful hand-warmer which is in request, but, unfortunately, we cannot carry it in our boots. Of course, exercise is the thing to cure cold feet, but it must not be forgotten that bookmakers and backers have to stick to their perches for hours at a time.

Nips.

Some racegoers indulge in nips at every interval during the afternoon's sport. Tastes vary, but cherry-brandy, ginger-brandy, Scotch, and even champagne are taken by the thirsty fishes, to "keep out the cold." If I were to recommend a glass of cold water as a substitute, I should get "no forrarder," but a certain medical man tells me that cold water, as a heat-preserver, beats all the wines and spirits on tap.—CAPTAIN COE.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD'S
SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD'S CHIEF PERFORMING SEA-LION, AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photographed from Life by W. V. Amey, Portsmouth.

If you go to the London Hippodrome and witness the performance of Captain Woodward's sea-lions, you will rightly come away with the impression that they are the most intelligent creatures you ever saw. I am not, as a rule, "gone on" performing animals, which are too often trained by cruel methods; but the sea-lions are obviously rendered obedient by "cupboard love" alone, being continually fed by Captain Woodward during the whole performance with herrings and whittings galore. Five animals face the footlights, but there are six others—understudies—in the tanks below, which are kept filled with water saturated with rock-salt imported from Turk's Islands, in the Pacific. Captain Woodward corrects a prevalent popular error. He asserts that the most-prized sealskins worn by the fashionable world come from the sea-lion, and not from the seal, which produces a very inferior skin, while the marble- or hair-seals (clever Mr. Toby, for instance, at the Hippodrome is one) do not own a fur coat at all, but have hairy skins, and such are used to cover caps and slippers, or are made up into inferior waistcoats. Captain Woodward has been engaged for the last ten years in training seals and sea-lions forwarded to him from time to time by his father, and with his troupe he has visited no less than fourteen countries. At some places he gives a water-show, but the exhibition at the Hippodrome can scarcely be more wonderful than it is—indeed, the juggling tricks performed by "Lion" in playing football and in balancing an air-ball on the point of his snout attain to the truly marvellous, while Frisco's trumpet-playing and Toby's guitar-performance are scarcely less astonishing.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT seems to me that persons who get married in the chill o' the year, like January or December, instead of waiting for the sweet o' the year in April or May, deserve well of their friends, however individually uncomfortable they themselves may be. There is no other possible function which brightens up a dull winter afternoon so completely

leaves of silver gauze was sent home with it as a hair-ornament, and even the shoes were embroidered in silver on pale-green corded silk. A cloak in white cloth and sable, which was worn with the going-away gown, smacked of Paris in every fold, and was decidedly a garment to covet. It was a three-quarter length, and the sable-skirts were sewn on to show about an inch of white cloth between each; the yoke plain, but cut out at the edge on an under-piece of cigar-brown cloth matching the fur. The high, lace-lined collar was of white cloth edged with sable, and garnished at the neck, back, and front with sable-tails. An extravagant garment, but a beautiful; and, after all, who counts the cost of a trousseau with an affable bridegroom most willing to oblige in attendance? The going-away frock was also in white cloth, which, of all other solid materials, most claims my admiration. There was a good deal of ivory Irish guipure employed both in panels and on the bodice, which had also intermixed embroideries of silver and gold finished by a gold ribbon waist-belt fastened by an antique buckle in brown enamel and gold.

Amongst the little bride's jewels—and, being one of a large and well-bestowed family, she had a satisfactory amount—I noticed one of those large corsage-ornaments which are again so greatly in favour. It was the presentation of a benevolent uncle, who had had it copied, in the Rue de la Paix, from an antique Crown jewel. I was interested to see an exact reproduction in the Regent Street shop of the Parisian Diamond Company a few days later, which, in fact, forms the central ornament,



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING WINTER COSTUME.

and affords a little agreeable dissipation to one's acquaintances. And as for those principally concerned, they have, at least, the consolation of a prospective warmth in Egypt or Italy to atone for all the positive discomforts endured in preparing for the marriage-feast in cold and wet at home. Wild horses, much less a tame bridegroom, would not have led me to the altar in midwinter; but there be damsels less *difficile*, happily, and the trousseau of a friend, with the culminating circumstance of her wedding some days since, has given quite a gentle interest to life just lately. Her outfit—all that could be of the most alluring—was chiefly accounted for by Kate Reily of Dover Street and Mrs. Watson of Grafton Street—names sufficient to guarantee a succession of *chefs-d'œuvre*, as, indeed, her dresses decidedly were. There is a newly revived shade of turquoise-green which our mothers affected in the days of their youth, and one of the smartest gowns was made of that tone. It suits only a clear blonde, yet, curiously enough, is a favourite colour in the East, and used to be known as "Azof green." A silk-muslin skirt, with diagonal stripes of China crepe to match, formed the skirt. Between these slanting lines the muslin was *diamanté* and *pailleté* in curious Arabic characters. The bodice had an elaborate high waist-belt of embroidery *en suite*, and trails of lilies in silver gauze with white velvet leaves completed this delightfully airy-fairy gown. A high green osprey set in between



[Copyright.]

A REDINGOTE OF SABLE.

with its great pendent pearl, in a group of the Company's designs that has been sketched for these pages. No doubt, my fair friend's possession ran into many hundreds, yet here is a veritable counterpart set in gold with exquisite delicacy at a probably mere percentage of its figure. The conclusion is frequently forced on one, indeed, that the cares which surround a jewel-case in its perilous journeys abroad might be altogether

obviated if, instead of carrying diamonds and pearls about the world, women would adopt the safe and sensible course when travelling abroad of leaving them in the Bank, and discreetly replenishing their cases from the stores of the Parisian Diamond Company. Now that people are everywhere preparing for the flitting South, and in view of the endless robberies constantly perpetrated abroad of which we never hear, this plan presents itself to me as a most seasonable hint.

Notwithstanding the migration South which has already begun, not to mention hunting, which occupies the souls and bodies of another goodly contingent of the population, town itself is very fairly full, as any woman who makes the round of theatres and smart restaurants can see for herself. Wyndham's continues to draw crowds intent on hearing the great cross-examination scene. Mr. Tree in a Herodian catalepsy is as awe-inspiring and diverting as ever. Captain Marshall's play at the Criterion still draws tears and laughter; and as for Drury Lane, can we ever thank that delightful Merry Andrew of a Dan Leno sufficiently for making us laugh so much? Equally at the restaurants, every place is packed. Prince de Lynar, who is so popular a figure in London Society as well as abroad, gave a dinner at Prince's some evenings since, where was also cheery Sir Nicholas O'Connor, who was on one of his flying (diplomatic) visits to town.

Lady Margaret Loder was wearing a smart gown of black China crêpe with steel fringes, and at an adjoining supper-party of six sat a woman in the loveliest frock of pink DuBarri velvet. A difficult colour to affect except one's complexion is without fear or reproach. The charm of this picturesque dress was its Louis Quatorze tablier, decorated on both sides with exquisite point-de-Venise, on which was an embroidery of small opalescent sequins following the pattern of the lace. The apron itself, formed of frilled pink tulle, had a trail of gold-tissue roses with black velvet leaves, which climbed up from knee to shoulder in skilful gradations. Fan, shoes, and gloves were black, as was a tall osprey set in the wearer's blonde hair between butterfly-wings in diamonds. I learned afterwards the lady owned cousinship with Prince Henry of Pless, but her name had too many consonants to carry in my memory. At the moment, her lovely gown seemed much more to the point, speaking from the "Sybilline" point of view!

Neck-bands, I notice, are still either very high or conspicuous in absence. The latter method is undoubtedly smart, but requires a firmly moulded and fair neck. Ear-rings are worn more than ever by the smart

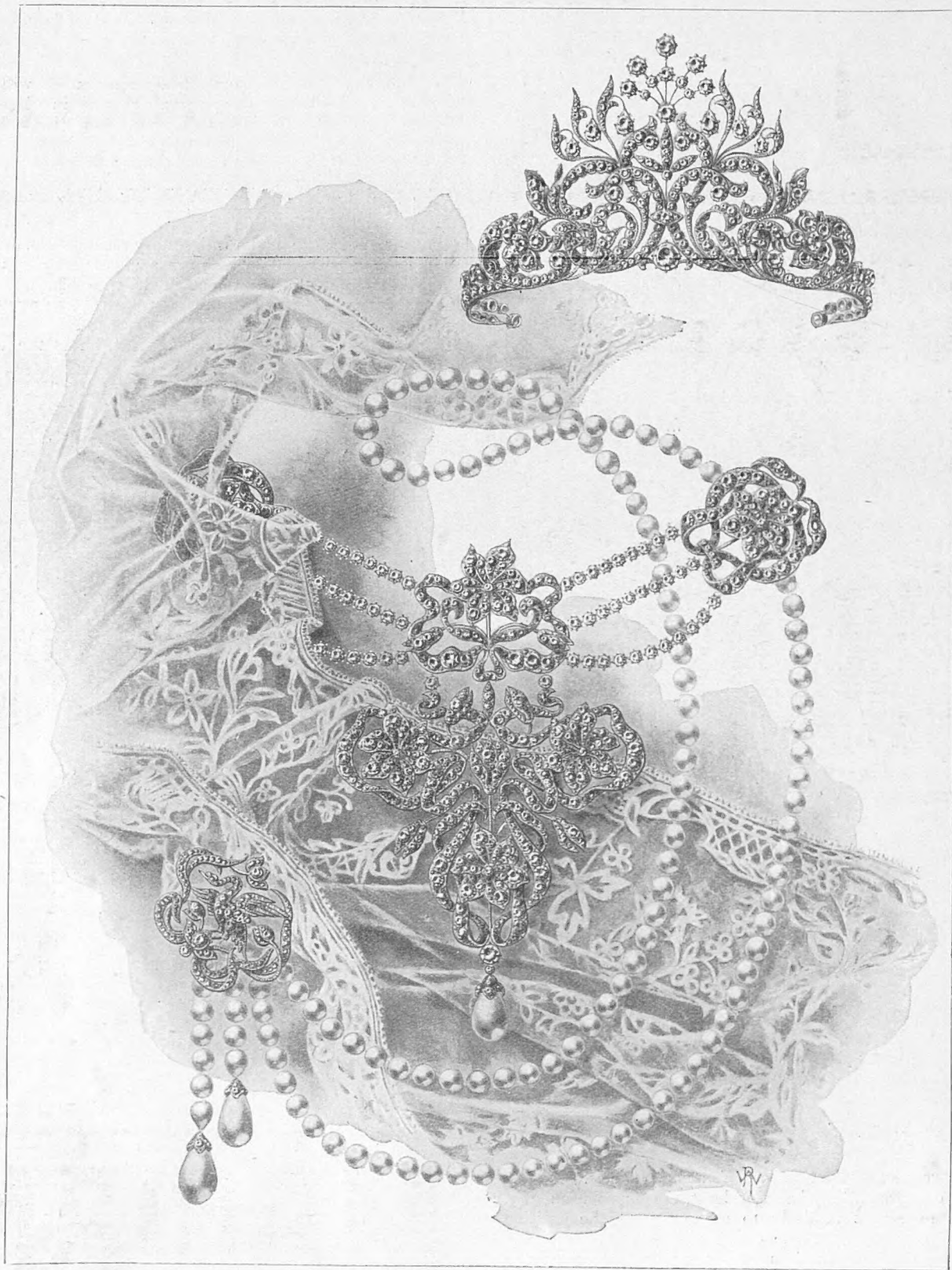
woman, who has evidently discovered their becomingness, while the barbaric-looking chains of turquoise matrix strung on thin gold links are a feature of the well-groomed section. Waist-belts of gold ribbon are very seductive when worn with dark cloth gowns, and the Nouveau Art waist-buckles are deservedly ousting all others, so truly æsthetic are the designs in which this charming jewellery is made.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

CURRAGH CAMP.—It is very difficult to find anything new for wedding presents. But, as your husband is so bookish, why not give him one of the patent watch book-markers, which would answer the double purpose of marking time and place?

They are made in silver and gold, the watch being set in the handle. I forget where I saw them, but fancy it was Map-pin Brothers', Regent Street.

SYBILL.



NEW DESIGNS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime, at his beautiful Kennington Theatre, is giving delight to young and old alike, and will continue so to do for the next two weeks and a-half. It must then give place to a new costume-drama to be produced by Mr. Murray Carson, and, a week later, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will re-appear here. A second inspection of this splendidly produced and capitally acted pantomime showed it to be even better than at first. Miss Simcta Marsden, Miss Lily Morris, Miss Nellie Sheffield, Mr. J. P. Dane, and the Brothers Darnley, as Robinson, Polly, Friday's sweetheart, Friday, Mrs. Crusoe, and Will Atkins respectively, are deservedly great favourites. Two special features of the show are well worth a visit on their

own account. These are the realistic Monkey Act of the Brothers Donaldson and Ardell, and the delightful Flying Ballet arranged by Mr. Vaughan Neale and performed by the dearest little children imaginable.

A very comical and clever pantomime of a distinctly original type, namely, "Jack Frost," continues to give great pleasure to the patrons—both military and civilian—at that interesting playhouse, The Royal Artillery, Woolwich. This pretty theatre, so admirably conducted by Mr. H. Swinerd, occupies quite a unique position, in that it is not under the jurisdiction either of the Lord Chamberlain or any Council, London, Borough, or otherwise. It is run under the Army Act, and takes its licence direct from the War Office. The general public are admitted at the usual suburban-theatre prices all the year round. The capital orchestra is made up of Soldiers of the Queen.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

ON 'CHANGE.

THE Bank Return showed more improvement than most people had expected, and, with serious hopes of the Globe debts being paid in full and abundance of money, things, although quiet, were, until Friday night, quite cheerful after the gloom of the last fortnight.

The doubt about whether the Globe money will come in time for the Settlement has, however, revived the fear of trouble on the next pay-day, and, if the announcement of the result of the creditors' meeting had been made known in business hours to-day, there is no doubt that the disappointment which everybody in the House feels would have upset the markets. Apart altogether from the large number of members who find themselves saddled with shares they do not want by the failure of the buyers, there will be very heavy differences in the make-up price of nearly all the Westralian and British Columbian mines to be faced.

The prevailing feeling was expressed by a broker to whom we offered a small selling-order, and whose comment thereon was that he really did not know with whom he could deal—at least, with safety.

It was not many years ago that trustees were in the habit of complaining of the impossibility of obtaining 3 per cent. for the funds at their disposal; but, in face of the price at which the last issue of Local Loans stock went off, there should be an end of such talk, at least for the present. As long as you can get a Government 3 per cent. Loan at 98, trustees have very little cause of complaint, and the only wonderful thing appears to us to be the price at which the best Colonial Inscribed and Railway Debenture stock is maintained.

THE GLOBE MEETING.

Of the many wonderful things that happen in the financial world, nothing has been more wonderful than the meeting of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. We had prepared our readers for dramatic developments, and at the time of writing these "Notes" the adjourned meeting has not been held; but the way Lord Dufferin was received by the vast body of shareholders was an object-lesson almost the most remarkable within the memory of the City. The note which we struck under the heading of "An Illustrious Victim," in our issue of the 2nd inst., seemed to possess the whole assembly, and the venerable man, who had expected to face a howling mob of angry shareholders, found that he was speaking to a sympathetic assembly who were even more jealous of his honour than he had been himself. Mr. Whitaker Wright did his best to spoil the effect and to bring matters down to the sordid level of everyday life; but even he could not make the people forget Lord Dufferin, and the least semblance of hostility was received with so much disapproval, that the opposition was reduced to the story of the Pro-Boers at a Tory election-meeting.

The outline of the causes of the smash, at which we did more than hint in our last "Notes," was confirmed by Mr. Whitaker Wright, and, from what we hear, it is not impossible that the troubles may be got over by a settlement which will give the creditors half their money in a short time. We sincerely trust, whatever happens, that the outcome will not be to leave the Globegroup still an incubus upon the Westralian market. To have been rid, once for all, of Mr. Whitaker Wright's everlasting market manipulations would have been worth great sacrifices, and might, in time, have almost brought back a certain amount of public confidence in the Westralian Mines; but, if we are to go through all the agony of the necessary purification process, it will be nothing less than a misfortune to be robbed of the expected benefit.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"A Happy New Year, gentlemen!" was The Banker's belated salutation as he met the others for the first time in Nineteen Hundred and One.

"And a prosperous New Five per Century to you, sir," chestnuted The Jobber cheerily; "and may you never make less!"

"It looks as though we were going to get 4 per cent. from the Banks for some time to come, anyway," put in The Merchant. "Don't see much chance of the Bank Rate going under 5 for a long while yet, do you?" and he addressed The Banker.

The old gentleman gently rubbed his gold-rimmed spectacles with a silk handkerchief, and made no immediate reply. Then he and The Broker began simultaneously—

THE BANKER } "I cannot say that I do, but——"

THE BROKER } "Of course, it will go down, but——"

Somebody laughed. The Banker held the field and calmly continued: "There is every possibility that the New York bankers will begin calling in their loans if the market in American Railroad shares should experience anything like a serious decline, and that would hardly be calculated to help the situation on this side of the Atlantic. Of course, you agree with me there?" he concluded, turning triumphantly to The Broker.

"Of course, of course!" assented that individual hurriedly. "All I meant to say was——"

"Never mind what you meant to say, Brokie," patronised his House *confrère*. "Here we have the most eminent authority on money matters in the City of London"—The Banker bashfully blushed—"telling us that the Bank Rate can't go down for another three months——"

"Oh, but I didn't go so far as that!" protested Lombard Street's representative. "I was speaking about what Rate is likely to rule till, say, the end of February. By then we may have to——"

"March," finished The Engineer, speaking for the first time. "Meanwhile, I suppose contangos on mining shares and Yankees will be as high as the Monument, and we poor bulls must suffer—as usual."

"As you shall," repeated The Jobber, separating the syllables. "My dear fellow, you cannot hope to take money out of the Mining Markets as a bull for at least another eight weeks. We shan't have got over the Globe affair——"

"I knew that would be dragged in!" was the disgusted comment of The Broker.

"Well," apologised The Jobber, "I will say that the Stock Exchange cannot set its House in order till the end of next month, at all events. After that, you can begin to buy yourself things once more."

"There ought to be a good many cheap things going about now," remarked The Merchant.

"The Sketch says there are," returned The Engineer.

"Oh, The Sketch is a——"

"A what?" asked a voice, indistinguishable.

"Shan't say: it's libellous," The Jobber responded. "Not but what there are cheap things knocking around, only one does get so tired of seeing these papers recommending things in which one has no interest oneself."

"You can always take an interest," said the voice again.

"You shut up!" was the only retort.

"Personally, I rather like to have good things pointed out to me," averred The Engineer. "Now, I have a few hundreds to look up, and I am much too busy to wade through columns of information for myself. Of course, I know all about the Globe scandal, and yet I am tempted to try conclusions with the Westralian Market, as things are so flat. What is a good speculation?" he asked The Broker. "Lake Views?"

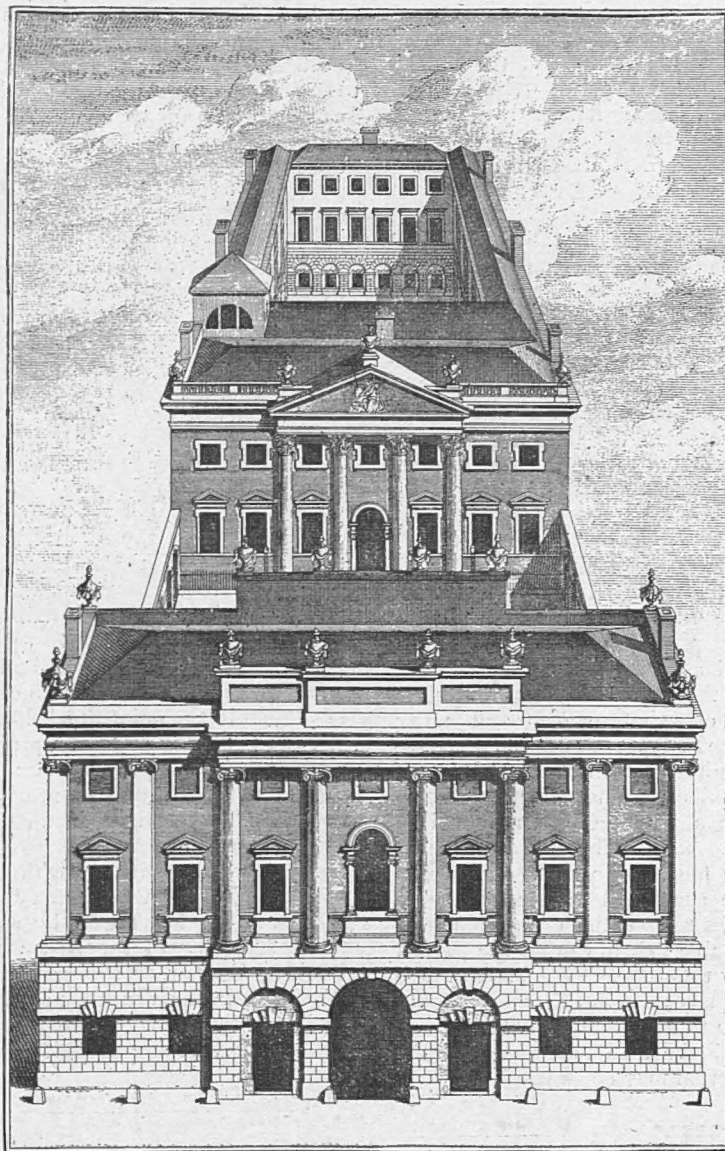
"Everyone says they're worth 10 at the lowest price," The Broker cautiously returned. "Not but what there is a tremendous amount of derelict stock hanging about, and that may keep the price down for six months, perhaps. Nevertheless, they are, I should say, not at all bad to pay for and forget."

"I rather fancy Ivanhoe," observed The Engineer. "They seem to possess a steadier market."

"So they do; but then, if you are going for profits only and not so much for dividends, you must recollect that Lake Views have more spring in them."

"More spring both ways," said the intending investor. "I think I shall spread my money over both mines, and buy a few Boulder Main Reefs and Lady Shentons as well."

"They tell me that Strattons are cheap now," hazarded The Merchant. "The price has dropped again to about 22s. 6d., I see."



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"You gentlemen are evidently in a gambling mood," exclaimed The Jobber, reviving. "Why the Scott don't you lay in Kaffirs instead of those chaotic Kangaroos?"

"Or West Africans?" suggested another. "Can anyone tell me a fairly decent thing in that market?"

"They are all pretty well as speculative counters," The Broker opined, "but, as a likely specimen for a rise, I put my faith in West African Gold Trust. The concern was issued only last month, and it has capital people behind it."

The Banker began to grieve over the modern craze for rapid money-making. He said it frightened him to hear how the Americans were "neglecting their ordinary avocations in order to join in the mad race for profits on the Stock Exchange. Are the English people also coming to this?" he pathetically cried.

"Not a bit of it!" was The Broker's soothing salve. "There are lots of my clients who will look at nothing that pays over 4 per cent., even in these benighted days. And for them I advise Midland Preferred Ordinary—an excellent investment, paying almost 3½ per cent., with a dividend due next month—or Pennsylvanias, which can be bought to yield 4 per cent. even now."

"Turning their pounds into Penns," laughed The Merchant.

"The Yankee Market has saved us from a repetition of the Baring crisis," said The Broker seriously. "The boom kept all our spirits up when Whitaker Wright's business would have flattened them out completely."

"Why is the Globe crash just twice as bad as the Baring crisis?" demanded The Jobber, jumping up.

Nobody knew.

"Because it's both a Bulling and a Bearing crisis at the same time," answered the joker as he alighted. "I thought that would be a Staggerer for you all!"

YANKEES.

For once in a way the Stock Exchange has welcomed the stoppage of a boom. The break in Yankee Rails meets with favour not only in the American Market itself, but all over the House, and the satisfaction at prospects of a healthier market is reflected in the daily newspapers. For Yankees could not go on boiling for ever. The dizzy heights attained by prices, the more severe the fall that must inevitably have come sooner or later. It is a thing to be thankful for that the boom hesitated when it did, and before quotations, already over-inflated in many instances, had passed beyond all reasonably booming bounds.

So far, the decline has been comparatively insignificant, considering what a rise the market has enjoyed since the end of last September. Six months ago and the very idea of prices reaching what they stand at to-day would have been scouted as absurd, if not impossible. The American Railroad kings and the Wall Street magnates have given a magnificent exposition of what money and unity can accomplish. Without the latter, the Yankee Market must have proved the mere arena for a frenzied fight between bulls and bears. Without money, unlimited in extent, the bulls could not have bought up almost every share they could lay hands upon, until prices were forced up to the top-heavy points prevailing last Account. The unloading must come soon. Financiers do not lock up money—do not even borrow money—for years at a time, and they have succeeded in America, there can be no doubt, in making Yankee citizens relieve them of shares they have bought in Europe. Happily, we are able to believe that the British public is not left nursing much of the baby this time. The main chance of another bull campaign in the Yankee Market lies in the endeavours of Wall Street to induce the European public to buy American Rails. For ourselves, we scarcely think that they will be able to "rope in" the Britisher, whatever foolishness the Continental may commit.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

Not the ghost of a passing notice does the Kaffir Circus take of the various Press attempts to galvanise a little energy into its lifeless batteries. One may stand in the market-place all day long—yea, in the very East Rand department itself—and do no more than two bargains in the course of six hours. Of no use are the emphatic declarations of a Rand Mines jobber that he "intends to make this market better"; equally futile the little bidding that occasionally outbursts for Gold Fields or Trusts. What is there in the situation to make Kaffirs happy? The War-news is daily disappointing, although some of those who look beneath the surface are saying that this latest formation of a corps exceptionally mobile is the last and only desperate stake left for the Boers to play. Lord Kitchener, crying for horses and men, thinks to sting the nation into activity by guarded hints concerning the safety of the mines, and, for aught we can tell to the contrary, Johannesburg and Pretoria are but lurking-places for a crafty foe. What wonder, then, your Kaffirs are so dull?

Yet, for all this, there is hope. The final stage of the War must be drawing near. Only by a marvellous run of good luck can the Boers hold out another six months, and after that?

ANOTHER WESTRALIAN RECONSTRUCTION!

Verily we thought that the West Australian Market had got beyond the stage of being surprised at anything. But the latest circular from the Associated Financial Company, Limited—the reorganised Westralian Market Trust—has brought one more wonder to the Stock Exchange and the shareholders in the unfortunate undertaking itself. No intimation had been made that the dividend on the Preference shares

of the company would be passed; nothing had leaked out concerning the dubious position of the concern. And yet on Saturday, when there appeared the balance-sheet and report, the shareholders suddenly found themselves confronted with a suggestion that the Associated Financial should reconstruct! It is absolutely astounding.

The reason given for more money being required is, of course, the Globe trouble. The directors admit that the Associated Financial was short of ready money just before the other collapse came; they had arranged with a syndicate for the latter to take some of the company's shares in order to provide funds for meeting pressing demands, and then, after the Globe crash on Dec. 28, everything fell through. So the Associated Financial directors smilingly approach their shareholders, offer them various share assets as a kind of consolation, and calmly invite them to assent to proposals for reconstruction, with the usual corollary of paying more calls. The Board state that the share assets to be distributed can be sold by holders for more money than is required to pay the calls; but if this is so, why on earth did not the directors sell them on behalf of the company, and raise the money directly instead of coming to the proprietors for it? We would strongly urge shareholders to resist any more reconstructions of this Bottomley banking. Let it be wound up, and its assets distributed amongst the unhappy folk on the share-register. The Board, with all the calmness imaginable, lay the whole blame on the shoulders of the Globe group, "which has apparently," says this delicious report, "failed to take warning from the experiences of the old West Australian Market Trust as to the danger of endeavouring to earn profits by market manipulation!"

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

The half-year which ended on Dec. 31 last has proved a very profitable one for the great London Banks, as may be seen from the following table—

Name.	Dividend this half-year at the rate of 12 per cent.	Corresponding Dividend in 1899. 12 per cent.
London Joint-Stock	12	12
Union of London	12	12
London and Westminster	16	16
London City and Midland	19	19
The Capital and Counties	18	16
Lloyds	20	20
London and South-Western	16	16

In each case the dividend of a year ago is maintained, and in one case exceeded, while in almost every instance either more is applied to reserve or the balance forward is larger. These results have been brought about in a half-year in which the average rate of discount in the open market was quite 10s. per cent. less than in the corresponding period of the previous year, and must be attributed to the lower price paid for deposits and to the fact that a larger share of discount business has fallen to the Joint-Stock Banks than was the case at the end of 1899.

The Provincial Banks appear to have had an even more satisfactory six months' trading. The Manchester and Liverpool District Bank has increased its net profits by nearly £11,000, and repeats its dividend of 20s. a-share. The York City and County, the Nottingham Joint-Stock, and the Birmingham District Banks all maintain their old rate of distribution with increased profits, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the North and South Wales, and the Halifax Joint-Stock have improved upon last year's results, in the latter case by as much as 2½ per cent. In the provinces the brisk trade of the past year has clearly had a good effect on the Banks, and whether the results of the year 1900 can be repeated will depend upon the continuance of this state of affairs. In many trades there are distinct signs, we regret to observe, that the boom is flagging, and we shall be surprised if the provincial Banks do not feel the effect in 1901.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 19S, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

P. E. M.—We regret to say we have been unable to get any useful information as to this company.

HASLEMERE.—We see no reason to change our opinion or to think the people in question have been sufferers by the Globe smash.

G. H.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

ROSSLAND.—The question of whether a Stock Exchange broker is liable to his client when the jobber with whom he dealt fails, is one of the most doubtful legal points yet remaining unsolved. As far as we know, there is only one case on the point, and then the jury disagreed. In your case, the jobbers will probably pay 20s. in the pound, and as the shares are returned to you at £2 each, and you can get about 2½ or 3 for them, we advise you, rather than incur law costs, to accept the position, resell the shares, and instruct the broker to claim against the jobber's estate for the difference between the price at which you sold and the £2 at which you have to take them back. It is not improbable that in this way you will make a profit out of the misfortune.

A. J. P.—See last answer.

W. G. M.—We answered your letter on the 8th inst.

S. J.—We think the Cycle company you name has gone into liquidation, but, to make sure, it would be necessary to search at Somer-set House. We will do this for you if you will send us one shilling to pay the search fee. It was a promotion of the Beale group, and probably a swindle of the worst kind.

A. T.—No. 1. The shares may rise. If so, get out. We do not like the company. No. 2. This concern is most respectable, but see our answers to R. H. P. last week. All Steel and Iron companies are very liable to great fluctuations from good or bad years in the trade.

J. B.—We never answer anonymous letters. When you sign your communication, we will answer it.